G. Vander Gucht Inv. & Sculp.

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GLORIANA,

OR THE

Court of Augustus Cæsar.

Acted at the

Theatre-Royal,

By Their

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

——— *Quibus hæc, sint qualiacunque*
Arridere velim, dolitura si placeant spe
Deterius nostra.

Hor. Sat. 10.

By *Nat. Lee.* 1st Edition

LONDON,
Printed for *J. Magnes* and *R. Bentley*, in *Russel-street* in *Covent-Garden*, near the *Piazza's*, Anno Dom. MDCLXXVI.

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To her Grace the

DUTCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

Madam,

THere is nothing more difficult, even to the Valiant or the Witty, than making approaches to the Fair: Nay I am confident the most renowned Conquerour, even Alexander *himself, if he now liv'd, would rather stand expos'd alone to the Javelins of an enrag'd multitude, than make his Address to a Beauty so powerfully arm'd as Your Grace. The most lofty Wit that ever constant success and popular applause made confident, would tremble to speak before You: Judge then how*

unfit

unfit I am, blasted in my hopes, and press'd in my growth by a most severe if not unjust fortune. 'Tis greatly done to raise the depress'd, which makes me apply my self to Your Grace, who as You are the Brightest, are likewise the Noblest Object in the World; You enliven, like the Sun, with Universal Influence, which induces me to hope that a Beam from Your Grace may reach,

The Humblest of

Your Servants,

Nat. Lee.

Pro-

PROLOGUE
TO THE
Court of Auguſtus Cæſar.

Spoken by Mrs. *Roch*.

HE whoſe attempt is ſhewn this Night to pleaſe,
Beheld me entring and my arm did ſeize,
Cry'd, Madam, ſtay, ſtay but one minute more;
But I your Servant left him at the door.
How dear, and yet how dreadfull is the Night,
That makes a Poet, or undoes him quite?
Such is the Night when a kind-hearted Maid
Becomes a Sacrifice to Bridal-bed:
She fears to give what yet ſhe wiſhes paſt,
Cries fie, no, and drives it to the laſt.
If to be brought oth' Stage ſo much can fright,
What Devil makes you all ſo mad to write?
But hold, let me conſider, ——
Wit which was formerly but Recreation,
Is now become the Buſineſs of the Nation;
Prentices write Lampoons, your Juſtices
Have quirks for Courtiers late debaucheries,
And Conſtables with quibbles break the peace.
Your formal Citizen turns man of ſenſe,
And has to Ingenuity pretence:
Treats Miſs in Box, which was but Punk with you,
Gripes her craz'd knee, and treads upon her toe,
And cries, I' fack my dear this Play will do.
With Beard preciſe his Verdict dares pronounce
Who by predeſtination is a Dunce:
All will be cenſuring a man that writes,
And praiſe or damn him like a man that fights.

With

With boldneſs therefore both ſhould be inſpir'd,
The Stout and Witty ſhould alike be fir'd:
Poets, like men of Courage, that begin,
Should ſtill puſh forward when they're enter'd in,
Till certain of Applauſe they write with eaſe,
And with juſt forces are reſolv'd to pleaſe:
The little Wits of courſe will then obey,
And briskly ſwear the faſhionable way,
To all that thoſe inſipidly can ſay:
So a young ſharp-ſet Bully ——
With famine pinch'd, and much much given to think,
Who thirſts for fame, but thirſts much more for drink,
Reſolves to periſh or inhance his Name,
And gives not o're till he proves Cock oth' Game;
Then he who lately ſeem'd like Winter bare,
Comes forth like Summer looſely clad and clear;
He drives the Squires with breath of Pantaloons,
And the leaſt word he ſpeaks is Blood and wounds.

The Names of the Perſons.

Auguſtus Cæſar.	Mr. *Mohun.*
Cæſario.	Mr. *Hart.*
Marcellus.	Mr. *Kenaſton.*
Tiberius.	Mr. *Lydall.*
Agrippa.	Mr. *Cartwrite.*
Mecænas.	Mr. *Griffon.*
Ovid.	Mr. *Clarke.*
Leander.	Mr. *Powell.*
Araſpes.	Mr. *Harris.*
Gloriana.	Mrs. *Marſhall.*
Julia.	Mrs. *James.*
Narciſſa.	Mrs. *Corbet.*

The SCENE,

The Palace of *Auguſtus Cæſar.*

GLORIANA,
OR
The Court of Auguſtus Cæſar.

ACT. I. Scæn. I.

A Banquet. *Enter* Auguſtus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Ovid *following with Muſick, and ſings while the Emperour ſits melancholy.*

Song.

LEt Buſineſs no longer uſurp your High mind,
But to Dalliance give way, and to Pleaſure be kind;
Let Buſineſs to morrow, to morrow imploy,
But to day the ſhort Bleſſing let's cloſely enjoy:
Let's frolick below, till they hear us above;
To Cæſar *we'l ſing, to* Cæſar *and* Jove.

2.

From Buſineſs we'l ramble, like Bridegrooms unbrac'd,
And ſurfeit on Pleaſure, which others but taſt:
We'l laugh till we weep on the breaſts of the Fair,
And the Tears that we ſhed, ſhall the Treſpaſs repair:
We'l vow that below we but Act thoſe above,
Who never repent, yet are always in Love.

Ov. Vaſt are the Glories, *Cæſar*, thou haſt won,
To make whoſe Triumphs up, the World's undone:
The *Indians* from the Eaſtern parts remote,
To thee the Treaſure of their Shrines devote:

Whole Trees of Coral, which they rive for low,
That in the walks of *Neptune*'s Palace grow,
With Tritons trumpeting on ev'ry bough;
Pearls which the mourning eyes of *Thetis* pay,
When her cool'd Lover bolts through waves away;
And Diamonds that the Sun each morning sheds,
Drying his Chariot Wheels in dewy heads.

Me. The *Scythians* from their Northern Climate come,
And in their Waggon-houses pensive roame;
For thee they seek: 'Tis at thy Name they shake,
And far off prostrate Adorations make.
They who the great *Pellaan* Victor's Arms
Repell'd, seem Thunder-strook at thy alarms.

Agr. The *Parthians* dreading *Cæsar*, Peace proclaim,
Whose haughty minds no Force could ever tame,
Who the renown'd *Mark Anthony* o'recame.
And *Crassus*, who like some large Oak had stood
The brush of warring winds, and showrs of blood,
His Army round him like an under-wood;
These Martial Rangers root and branches tore,
And on their Crests his trickling heart-strings wore.

Ov. The World shou'd stretch to hold an Emperour
So tall in Vertue, and so wide in Powr.
Where e're on Nature's peaceful face he treads,
Her foremost rank of Sons submit their heads;
With smiles they all his God-like walkings greet,
While Crowns and Scepters play about his feet.

Aug. Cease this unwelcome noise; I say, give o're,
Ye must not speak since I can hear no more:
Take wing like Angels fly to Heav'ns abodes;
Though ye have tongues might charm the ears of Gods:
They please not me, for I am discord all,
Broke by my own that triumph in my fall.
Barns and Out-houses, or some rotten Hold
Please the dark Birds better than rooms of Gold.
Why tell ye me of circumvested pride,
Of Purpl'd Fame, and thousand cares beside?

Give me but one or two soft happy houres,
And all the greatnesses of State be yours.
Mec. What lifted troubles your high thoughts molest,
And shake the frame of your Majestick breast?
Ov. If some portentous darkness at Noon-day,
Should o're the Heav'n deep dreadfull blacks display,
Without offence to Altars we might come,
To know the cause of such a horrid gloom.
'Tis Loyal kindness urges our desire;
Speak, *Cæsar*, lest we sin while we enquire.
Mec. So huge and dark your Sorrow's Chaos grows,
No glimm'ring streak of Joy can interpose.
Ov. Your mighty care no interval allows,
All musings, starts, and sad contracted brows;
Your Spirit like old Night, e're Day was made,
Is one substantial darkness, solid shade.
Agr. Last night as at your feet I waking lay,
Viewing the Golden Taper's watchfull Ray,
I heard you deeds with horrour wrap'd unfold,
Sad Sacred things, and never to be told.
I saw you arm'd from your tos'd Bed arise,
Awefull as *Jove*, call'd by a Virgins cries,
Starts with his Thunder to the curtain'd Skies:
Honour you cry'd, then stalk'd about the Room,
Thrice call'd, *Scribonia* curse upon thy womb;
Cutting the Air you made three empty blows,
And then lay down seeking with groans repose.
Mec. Ev'n now strong sighs your Royal fabrick tear,
And with their violent course torment the Air:
Slow from your eyes conflicting sorrows pass,
And you in vain the struggling tears suppress.
Aug. O my lov'd Friends, 'tis a harsh truth; but stay,
It will not out till Tears have smooth'd its way;
Take it in one worst word, my actions stain,
The Canker of my Laurels Valour's bane;
Of all great evil *Julia* be the name,
Who from the womb of curst *Scribonia* came;

Blushing in War I got, the wanton brood,
The scum of boiling Youth, froth of my blood!

Agr. Some busie person with officious tongue, [*Ovid goes out.*
Has offer'd to th' Imperial Princess wrong.
Your choice *Marcellus* dearly she approves,
And whom you have adopted, highly loves:
But being boundless born, and mark'd for sway,
Cannot by passion check'd nice rules obey.

Mec. Vainly her thoughts they guess by outward forms;
She may be Calm within, without a Storm:
Her heart from common view remov'd lies deep,
As Mines of Gold in Nature's bosom sleep.

Aug. Rightly her vertue by a Mine you lay,
Where ev'ry lusty Slave may hew his way.
I know from those that would not forge, she is
Loose, vain, a mocker of our Deities.
Now by yon' Heav'n she has my fury rais'd,
And he's my Foe by whom she dares be prais'd.
A Mine! of what? she is all counterfeit,
I've weigh'd her in the ballance, found her light,
But from my heart the glitt'ring dross I'le tear,
Like glass to dust I'le pound the brittle fair,
Then blow her to her Element the Air.

Enter Julia *attended.*

Jul. That Roof's too low, and all the Figures old,
I'le have it new wrought up in fretted Gold;
Nor shall those Dorick Pillars long remain,
But the vast Cieling shall it self sustain.

Aug. Not *Venus* in the proudest Robes she wears,
With thousand Crowns and Trains of dragging Stars,
Thoughts so high flown, e're knew, nor e're cou'd stretch
Expanded pride like this ambitious wretch.

Jul. *Cæsar* to *Jove* may claim the second place,
But I with *Juno* will have equal grace,
And when she dares match for the better face.

Henceforth I'le have all first unninxt, entire,
My Meats prepar'd with Elemental fire;
The Palace walks with common feet are worn,
Raise flying Gardens on vast Columns born,
So near to Heav'n, that scorning *Tiber*'s wave,
In Chrystal Buckets we the Clouds may lave,
To wash the pendant Soil; so strange to view,
It shall *Semiramis* fam'd Groves outdoe.

Aug. Be Judges both, and then my wrath forgive,
Just *Livia!* But 'tis past, she shall not live.

Jul. Methinks already I am walking there,
Tread the fring'd Banks, and breath the Vernal air,
And Purple clusters round my Temples shine,
And flowrie mantling Amarant divine,
And Sense grows wanton as the lusty Vine.
Now cloy'd methinks with the mellifluous Grove,
From Sunny Meads, to cool recess I move,
With tall young men that make immortal love.

Aug. Since 'tis well known how kind you are to Sense,
Why should you talk of a removal hence?
Heav'ns feasts too thin for your quaint Palate are,
We talk of Nectar, but how comes it there? [*scornfully.*
Provoking Banquets, rich Ambrosial Meat,
When Clouds they drink indeed, and Air they eat?
Let not your fancy from its Sphere be driv'n,
You'le never like the slender fare of Heav'n.

Jul. Mistake me not, 'tis for varietie
That I Elysium's Argent Fields would see:
Think you that from your Throne I wou'd remove,
To be the gaudiest Starry Queen above?
'Twas not my purpose, Sir, to tarry there,
I'd only go to Heav'n to take the air.

Aug. Come thou'rt not fit to live.

Jul. Dread Father, why?

Aug. Thou art all ill.

Jul. Then I'm not fit to dye.
Death will the hopes of Vertue's growth prevent,
But if you grant me life, I may repent.

Aug.

Aug. I here pronounce her Stranger to my blood;
Stay not revenge that must not be withstood.

[Agrippa *and* Mecænas *hold him.*

Did not *Virginius* his Daughter call
To death, and did she not the voice extoll?
She kiss'd his feet, and blest him in her fall.
Brutus his Sons gave up to angry power,
And with stern visage said, They are no more.
These were just Victims to the shrines of Fame,
And got their Authors an Eternal name.

Agr. Great Princess kneel, and his swoln rage attone.

Jul. To ask him pardon, were a crime to own.

Aug. No, in her obstinacy let her sink,
My curse pursue thee to th' Infernal brink;
To Hell, to Hell I'le drive thy spotted soul,
Where in Eternal tortures she shall roul,
Turn round, and shreek with pain in livid fires;
And when for ease the weary wretch aspires
To those bright Thrones which she did once blaspheme,
To a new Hell Heav'n shall the Fiend condemn.
From beds of Flames where thou didst lye and roar,
Whirlwinds shall bear thee hot all reeking o're,
And sweating drops of blood, and round thee blow,
Then plunge thee in th' Abyss of Ice and Snow.

Jul. All that is Earth of me is in your hand,
But, Sir, my Spirit's not at your command.
I have a Soul that when my body dies,
Shall mix with the immortal Deities.
Nor can the awfull puff of *Cæsar*'s name,
Blow out this spark of the ætherial flame:
Spight of the clouds your fury's Tempest wears,
I'le up and scorn your anger from the Stars.

Aug. She's all o're woman —— Abstract of her kind,
And all the Sex is crouded in one mind:
Her very Thoughts ——
Are woman in the bud, though yet unblown,
But all her words are pregnant woman grown.

Jul.

Jul. Why was I destin'd to be born above,
By Midwife Honour to the light convey'd,
Fame's Darling, the bright Infant of high love,
Crown'd and in Empire's golden Cradle laid?
Rock'd by the hands of Empresses, that yield
Their Scepters form'd to Rattles for my hand,
Born to the wealth of the green floating Field,
And the rich dust of all the yellow Land.
And why did Fate so vast a Dowry give,
As renders me a Consort fit for *Jove*,
Unless she meant that I should loosly live,
And free from cares below, as Gods above?

Aug. Quench, quench, y' immortal powers! these homebred jarrs,
Though all the Earth revolt, and wage fresh Warrs:
Raise from the dead *Mark-Anthony* again,
Once more let's try our fortunes on the Main.
To *Ægypt* back let all her Spoils be brought,
And let 'em with fresh blood, more wounds be bought:
Lean *Cassius*, God-like *Brutus*, rise, combine,
Nay with the *Memphian* black Armado joyn;
Dip (ev'n your heels) all o're in Stygian Lake,
And more than *Achilean* hardness take;
Hire all the winds, immortal as ye are,
Again to *Actium* I your Ghosts will dare,
And into Atomes drive the gather'd Air.

Agr. Stop not the Torrent of his rising rage,
Give it full course and it will soon assuage.

Aug. Thus *Pyrrhus* whom no manly force could quell,
At last inglorious, by a woman fell.
O *Jupiter*! dread King of Heav'n and *Rome*, [*kneels.*
Let death, but not dishonour, be my doom;
That *Julia*'s name no more may cleave my head,
Strike me for ever deaf, deaf as the dead.
O *Julia*! but for thee my fame had past,
Shew'd like a Chrystal Rock to Ages last;
Each lust of thine like an envenom'd dart,
Has drunk the life-blood of thy Father's heart.

Jul.

Jul. That I am innocent ——

Aug. I know thou art;
But make no words on't: go, with life depart. *Exe. Jul.*

Agr. Your Wars in *Spain* a glorious period have
And all applaud *Marcellus* as most brave,
Who in his first essay your Foes o'rethrew,
And could such wonders in his Non-age doe.

Mec. Equal to him the valiant brave unknown
Plangus so fam'd rush'd through all hazards on;
Of birth unknown, but of high blood in War,
Who with *Marcellus* did the Triumph share:
Marcellus who adopted *Cæsar* stands,
And under you the conquer'd Earth commands.

Agr. Fame loudly speaks the deeds which he has done,
First shews the Father, and then draws the Son.

Aug. Ev'n he has guilty been, and as 'tis said,
Cæsario whom we thought in *Ægypt* dead,
This brave *Marcellus* harbour'd in his Tent;
Such news was to my Empress *Livia* sent.
But once more by my Father's soul I swear,
If that young King of Kings in *Rome* appear,
The *Parthian* Empire shall not save his head,
I'le give ten thousand Talents for him dead.

Mec. Dispell those clouds that thicken on your brow,
And I will speak.

Aug. Full freedom we allow.

Mec. Against *Cæsario* be not thus severe,
At least not openly your wrath declare:
By private Instruments his hopes abate,
Which more agrees with your own rules of State.

Agr. 'Tis nois'd (for sure such secrets cannot sleep)
That you in private *Gloriana* keep,
Th' Illustrious *Pompey*'s Daughter; I advise,
That your white Age wou'd Beauty's gloss despise.
Let not the Nations blame you being old,
Nor think of loving now your blood is cold.

Aug. Furies! and Hell! I am become their sport:
They flout me —— How! ye elder slaves oth' Court,

Come

Come feel my arms, and learn to be more bold;
Am I not fit to love? Ha! am I old?
Ye Apes of fame, ye Sparks to my full day!
Ye Gnats that in my Ev'ning glory play!
But with my Sword I'le punish your offence, *[Lays his hand*
And make ye know what 'tis t'affront a Prince. *on his Sword.*

Agr. Our deaths are in your hands, act as you please.

Mec. Your frowns not death our souls with terrour seize.

Aug. No, ye regard me not, nor love, nor fear;
I know your hearts; —— you wish *Cæsario* here,
Here, --- in my Throne, ungratefull as ye are,
By me preferr'd in Peace, advanc'd in War.

Agr. You are the best of Kings.

Aug. No, I'm the worst,
Stupid, morose, tyrannical, accurst.
I, like old *Saturn*, must forgo my Sphere,
You're for a mad young fiery *Jupiter*.
Yet this remember in your Thund'rers reign,
The Golden days will never come again. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II.

SCENE, *Palace Hall.*

Cæsario, Araspes, Leander.

Cæs. PRoscrib'd!

Aras. So rumour spreads it.

Cæs. Ha!

Aras. 'Tis true;
His fears the old Proscription now renew.
Great is the man, he said, that brings him dead,
I'le give ten thousand Talents for his head.
Such dreadful noise from *Cæsar*'s fury broke,
And guilt like Wild-fire thrill'd him as he spoke.

Lea. He thought you long ago in *Egypt* slain,
But with late tremblings heard you liv'd again:
Then tore his hair, and mad with choler, said,
Augustus lives not till *Cesario's* dead.

Cæs. Then *Cæsar's* lost, and shall in Chaos lye,
Since 'tis not to be thought that I should dye,
Immediate from the loins of *Julius* sprung,
Like *Hercules* from *Jove*, for ever young,
In battles big as *Mars*, and full as strong.

Aras. Yet you're a man.

Cæs. Said you of me? 'Twas poor:
A man! *Araspes*, I was always more.
When me in Swadling-bands the Nurses rock'd,
My soul was full with God-like courage stock'd;
The sounds which first my wondrous voice did move,
Were Father *Julius*, and Grandfire *Jove*:
Ev'n in my Childhood I was more than man,
Bears in my Non-age slew, and Stags out-ran.
Leander, thou remembrest who are old,
When yet nine Winters I had scarcely told,
A half starv'd Lion in our chase I brav'd,
And from his jaws my panting Mother sav'd.

Lea. I saw him by your early valour fall.

Cæs. Fall! --- by my valour! --- saw him! is that all?
Thou speak'st, *Leander*, as thou didst repine;
Thou should'st have said, it was an act Divine,
A God-like act, to see a ruddy Boy
With milk on's lips, the Royal beast destroy.
With my gay Sword, brandish'd above my Crest,
O'respread with Plumes, and with Queens favours dress'd,
I cross'd the Savage, eager for his prey,
Who daunted with my aspect shun'd the fray:
But I out-run him, though he got the start,
And flesh'd my little Rapier in his heart.
By the dread Thunderer, from whom I came,
Whose hand casts forked bolts, and leaping flame,
I'le tumble head-long this Usurper down,
And from his head tear the Imperial Crown.

Aras.

Araſ. Stay, Son of *Ceſar*, whither wou'd you run?
Sorrow ſhall end what your blind wrath begun.
Forgive me if your death I dare prevent,
And force your courage take another bent.

Lea. Both you ſhall ſend to everlaſting reſt,
And ride to ruine o're this Loyal breaſt:
For think not we can ſtay to ſee you dye;
We'l uſher you to immortality.
Let wit contrive, and leiſure give to Time,
While we inſtruct you this ſteep Throne to climb.

Ceſ. Plots are the dark and back way to a Throne,
Miſs but one ſtep, we roul with ruine down:
Then let's away to quell with open ſtrife
This baſe Uſurper that proſcribes my life.

Lea. Perhaps the rumour's falſe, your rage ſubdue,
Or reek it here on us for being true.

Ceſ. Was I for this in *Alexandria* fam'd
The King of Kings, and Heir oth' World proclaim'd;
While Vaſſal Princes did about me croud,
And *Aſia*'s Chiefs of my commands grew proud!
Did not our Mother periſh by his Arms,
That ſource of Love and ever-flowing charms,
Great *Cleopatra*, who now drowns the Stars,
And ſhews to Goddeſſes her glorious Scars!
Yet have I queſtion'd him for what was done?

Lea. We know you ne're molеſted what he won.

Ceſ. Nay have I not of late his Foes o'rethrown;
His Standards fix'd ith' heart of ſtubborn *Spain*,
And bow'd her neck to the old yoke again!
And dares he thus my ſervices reward! [*draws.*
Stand back, I'le kill him midſt of all his Guard:
Though at the Altar in the Capitol,
The purple Brute a Sacrifice ſhall fall.

Marcellus *meets him.*

Mar. What prodigal of life your wrath has rais'd,
And fann'd the flame with which your cheeks are blaz'd?

Ne're did I see that Scabbard empty made,
But drunken Slaughter hung upon the Blade:
Cæs. Bloud! my *Marcellus*, bloud! the great must dye!
Yet Eagle-like I'le strike my Quarry high,
And from the earth rebound him to the skie.
Mar. Name me the man too lavish of his tongue,
For blows could ne're the brave *Cæsario* wrong:
Name him aloud, but name me one that's Great!
Back'd with such Troops as never knew defeat!
And if he 'scape, let me no more be thought —— [*draws.*
Cæs. Hold, hold *Marcellus*: Heav'n! I had forgot
That my great Foe is father to my Friend;
Down, my Revenge: Thus all my swellings end. [*sheaths his Sword.*
Mar. What means this change?
Cæs. Nothing, *Marcellus*, now.
Large are the sums I to your friendship owe:
My thoughts no more about Revenge debate,
Though slaves *Augustus* hires to work my fate;
Takes all my Titles, Scepters, fills my Thrones,
And plunders me of all my Father's Crowns:
Yet being kind to you, long may he live,
While I learn patience, and my wrongs forgive.
Mar. How! my united powers of Rage disband;
My Sword at *Cæsar*'s name falls from my hand.
O my *Cæsario*, can you for my sake
Forget the sweets of just Revenge to take?
Can you for me call back your sallying soul,
Whose wrath not *Cæsar*'s Guards cou'd else controul?
This is a point too subtle for mankind,
And which no future vertue e're shall find.
Cæs. Believe me, Friend, believe me, for I swear
By my high Father's soul, 'twere easier far
Back the revolted Universe to win,
Than but our passions conquest to begin.
Revenge and Friendship in my bosom clash'd,
Like Mountain billows, each the other dash'd;
Still my uncertain soul each Tempest blinds,
Like a dark Vessel driv'n by Polar winds:

But

But you like a propitious God arise,
On the blue Ocean shine the Azure Skies,
And now the beaten mind at Anchor lies.

Mar. Methinks I wish that I had never known
Vertue like yours; so high, that mine is none:
You as some vast Hill touching Heav'n appear;
I at your feet like a poor Valley near:
Down from your Cloudy top refreshings flow,
Fast bounteous rills that water me below:
Valleys; but Vapours can to Heav'n return,
And I with sighs your falling favours mourn.

Cæs. Darling of *Romans*, Vertue's fairest Child,
At whose blest Birth the kinder Planets smil'd,
Trust me thy Mother, when with Infant charms
The Matrons gave thee crying to her arms,
Not lov'd thee more; my soul thou hast subdu'd,
And damm'd the torrent of my rising bloud.

Mar. Bow, ye bright dwellers, bow all your Heav'ns down,
Impale his brows with an Immortal Crown;
Thou *Julius* whose high name in living Gold
Is in Fate's Book above the Sun's enroll'd,
With Starry Robes the Worlds great Heir enfold:
For all Earths Glories he transcends as far,
As Gods above their humblest Victims are.

Cæs. Ev'n while thou flatter'st me, thou lovely art;
By Heav'n young man thou hast thy Souldier's heart;
And while I hold thee to my faithful breast,
Cæsar with Empire is not half so blest.
On thy hearts throbs so I triumphant ride,
Farewell Ovations and the Victors pride;
No more shall big Ambition bend my brow,
Love me but ever as thou lov'st me now.

Enter Narcissa.

Nar. Swift as chac'd Harts before the Hunters fly,
Swift as their panting weariness they throw
Into some stream, my dearest Brother, I
Run to thy breast, and melt in tears that flow.

Dost

Doſt thou not view joys peeping from my eyes?
The Caſement's open'd wide to gaze on thee;
As *Rome*'s glad Citizens to windows riſe,
When they ſome young Triumpher fain would ſee.

Mar. Deareſt *Narciſſa*, ſofteſt of thy kind,
A thouſand thouſand welcomes; but alas,
In dang'rous Courts I much lament to find
Thy Innocence which cannot ſafely paſs.

Cæſ. She is the brighteſt that my eyes e're ſaw,
And if ſoft paſſion cou'd my fierceneſs move,
That Spring-complexion wou'd my wonder draw,
Such unmixt ſweets of Nature I ſhould love.

Mar. With looks untaught thou wilt too rude appear,
Expos'd to ev'ry haughty Princeſs ſcorn;
Back to thy Country Palaces repair,
And tempt not Courts for which thou wert not born.
The Great ones here will quickly make thee fine,
And to thy Vertue for refreſhings run;
Like Summer days too hot our Beauties ſhine,
But thee they'l follow like a Winter Sun.

Cæſ. Why, beauteous Virgin, doſt thou plant thy eyes
As thou wouldſt drive me hence who ne're cou'd run?
I am not us'd to Beautie's batteries,
Yet rather than offend I will be gone.

Mar. No longer in my arms, lov'd Siſter, ſtay,
Your kindeſt thanks to my preſerver pay;
A thouſand deaths he in my cauſe has brav'd,
And twice my life in our laſt battle ſav'd.

Enter Tiberius *to* Marcellus, *they embrace.*

Mar. Welcome, my gallant Friend; —— Thy looks are ſad:
If there be ought wherewith thou art diſmay'd,
Speak it, though at the News both ſhou'd expire;
Is *Julia* ——

Tib. 'Twere convenient you'd retire;
I'le tell you, dear *Marcellus*, as we go,
Such ſecrets as no heart but yours ſhou'd know. *Exeunt.*

Mar.

Nar. My Brother charg'd me; but what can I say,
When you all pow'r of speech have ta'n away?
My heart beat thus, just thus against my side,
That cruel day when my lov'd Turtle dy'd.

Cæs. A heart like mine Love in his walk ne're found,
Nor Prettiness, nor Majesty can wound;
'Tis sure the coldest Beauty ever felt,
Not Ice, but Chrystal, which no Sun can melt.

Nar. O fatal sight! have I with frequent scorn
Seen at my Garden-gates great Princes mourn,
And can I now submit to one unknown?
Can this be true? Poor heart, art thou o'erthrown?
Vanquish'd at last? ith' name of goodness speak,
What art that dost my gentle quiet break?

Cæs. A Souldier, Fair one, bred to bloud, in Arms,
In Winter Camps which mighty Action warms;
I know not Courts, unskill'd in the soft Trade
By which address is to high Beauty made:
Yet I to yours can bow as lowly down,
As Eastern Princes to the rising Sun.

Nar. Bow to my beauty, to this Rural face?
I know no charms, nor any practis'd grace:
Planted far off by *Cæsar's* jealous care,
Not bred in Court perfumes, but Country air.
Me from his daughter he divided young,
And told me Courts my innocence wou'd wrong:
But sure my eyes can nothing see in you
To make me think what *Cæsar* said was true.

Enter Mecænas.

Mec. Madam, the Empress does your coming wait,
With half the Court attending at her gate;
And gazing eyes expect your presence there,
As if some Constellation would appear.

Cæs. I'le wait you to the Empress: —— Tyrant Love,
Whom all the charms of Nature cannot move.

Exeunt.

Re-

Re-enter Marcellus, Tiberius.

Mar. Since Love proves falſe, in vain does Valour toil,
To aſhes turn my Arms, my ev'ry Spoil,
Burn all my Laurels in one Funeral Pile,
Alas, *Tiberius*, had another ſaid
Julia is falſe, and honour has betray'd,
I could not have believ'd; but thou art true,
Wou'd thou were not; wou'd all that Hell er'e knew
Of darkeſt miſchiefs harbour'd in thy mind,
So by thy fraud I might her Vertue find.

Tib. While you abroad fought in *Rome*'s cauſe ſo well,
She to the loweſt, leudeſt courſes fell;
Her Palaces with late debauches rung,
Strip'd Eunuchs wanton Odes before her ſung.
On tall young Monarchs ſhoulders lifted high,
She acted Triumphs, *Io* was her cry,
Her crown'd Supporters *Io* did reply.

Mar. Looſe *Julia!* what ſtrong philters did unman
Auguſtus from whoſe loins thy Spirit ran!

Tib. At midnight dreſs'd like *Venus*, all Divine,
I ſaw her by the blaze of Diamonds ſhine,
High on a Throne of Gold, with God-like port,
Follow'd with clamours of the reeling Court.
Thrice ſhe the doors of *Janus* Temple burſt,
And once *Jove*'s houſe the Capitol ſhe forc'd;
From his Gold Statue poliſh'd Thunder took,
And at his face the brandiſh'd weapon ſhook:
In her left hand the Silver Lightning claſh'd,
Which blindly hurl'd the Sacred windows daſh'd.

Mar. Love I conjure thee, though with mortal ſmart,
Draw back thy Arrows that infect my heart.

Tib. Of all the Scepter'd throng that did adore
She none refus'd, but wiſh'd they had been more.
What was in private acted we but think,
Where all her Maids are mutes, and Eunuchs winks.

Her

Her Monarch dalliance was not prev'd, but guess'd,
But Love to Wit did open all her breast,
And she so foul a knot with *Ovid* drew,
As bloud can never loose, nor death undoe.

Mar. With *Ovid!* Dares his haughty muse aspire
To practise on his Prince? I'le mount it higher,
Teach his rude wit a flight she never had,
And send her Post to the Elysian shade.

Tib. One solemn Night, when the pale conscious Moon
Rode high and clear, at melancholy Noon
I rose, with Dreams abash'd of true event,
And to the Princess Bower my musings bent.
To the crown'd Arbours as I nearer drew,
Methought I heard two voices that I knew;
Parting the Leaves, I saw by Lunar light
Love's guilty joys, a sinful pleasing sight;
On Flow'rs and all the sweets of Nature spred,
In *Ovids* arms the smiling Princess laid.

Mar. What mortal patience can the news abide!
Tib. Pow'r circling Wit, and Pleasure pressing Pride,
Her glowing breast joyn'd to his kindling side.
She catch'd his sighs that panted in their flight,
With eyes, hands, lips, all trembling with delight;
Long did her naked beauty stay my sight.
Fair as the blushing bed her body prest,
As a *May*-morning rising from the East,
Or day dismounting in the golden West.

Mar. Wheels, Stones, and all the subtlest pains of Hell,
With burnings reddest plagues about 'em dwell.
About 'em! In 'em, through 'em let 'em run,
And flames with flames involv'd be swallow'd down.

Tib. With tendrest words her busie love she gracid,
And having kindly touch'd his yielding wast,
She said, Ah wou'd *Marcellus* were in Heav'n,
And wou'd *Corinna* were to *Ovid* giv'n;
For Wit to me is more than Empires charms,
Or all the surfeits of a Monarchs arms.

Mar. No more, thou'st put my soul upon the rack;
Both lives revenging glory bids me take:
But the remains of passion bid me spare
This beautiful ingrate perfidious fair;
Since he was ne're with gallant ardour mov'd,
That cou'd be urg'd to harm what once he lov'd:
And how I lov'd, how wonderfully well,
None but the Author of my flame can tell.
Thy beauty, *Julia*, did my reason blind;
For e're our hands unlucky *Hymen* joyn'd,
I gues'd thee false, yet swore I would be kind.

Enter Ovid *with* Julia *reading.*

Jul. Such a companion ne're did *Julia* bless;
To have a menial Monarch wait were less:
Ovid, whose fame above high *Virgil* grows,
Whose labour sure must Nature discompose,
But *Ovid* with familiar greatness flows;
And when he pleases to command our eyes,
What charming Tales does his soft muse devise?

Ov. Thus to be grac'd by her whom all admire,
To gain whose love Gods wou'd, Kings do expire, —

Mar. Amongst the rest fall thou a Sacrifice,
Thus to be offer'd to your Goddess eyes.

Jul. Marcellus, hold! fly, *Ovid*, hast away.

Ov. Madam, I know what duty I shou'd pay;
The Prince resolves to take my life, which none
Shall do without the hazard of their own.

Mar. Tiberius, give me way, by Heav'n he dies,
I'le tread upon the worm which I despise.

Jul. Help: Treason! Murder! help.

Enter Cæsario.

Ov. Come all, for were ye more I cou'd not fear.

Cæs. What about one is all this trouble here?
Put up, for shame, I'le blow him from your sight,
Valour disdains the Quarry in her flight,

Com-

Commands in Fields we ſhould our ſtandards raiſe,
And make this Writer but our drudge to praiſe.

Enter Auguſtus, Agrippa, Mecænas, *and Guards.*

Aug. Where are the Authors of this Treaſon gone?
Traytors to pow'r! diſarm 'em ev'ry one.

(*The Captain of the Guards takes* Marcellus, Ovids, *and* Tiberius *Swords; goes laſt to* Cæſario.)

Cæſ. Captain, ſtand off, I did no cauſe afford
Of quarrel here, and will not yield my Sword.
Aug. What, a new Traytor? in my preſence too?
Know obſtinate thy death thou doſt purſue.
Reſign, or dye. ——
Mar. Have you ſo ſoon forgot
The wonders which his Sword ſo lately wrought?
The noble *Plangus* who preſerv'd your Son,
And three pitch'd Battels by his valour won.
Aug. What ſhall he ſtand and brave me to my face?
Refuſe my orders? bid him take my place.
By the *Cæſarian* Majeſty ador'd,
He is a Trayter that denies his Sword.
Cæſ. I ſay, my Sword's my own, and ſhall ——
Aug. So fond of fate!
Then that thou mayſt not want for Arms, take that.

(*Hurles his Dagger at him, the Guards ruſh on* Cæſario, *and hold him.*)

Mar. Thus! is it thus his Services you pay? [*kneels.*
Aug. If thou wouldſt have him live, take him away.
Mar. Guards, force him hence.
Cæſ. Yes, *Cæſar*, I will go,
Conqu'ring my ſelf, I quell thy mightieſt foe. *Exit.*
Aug. And you, Sir, you who durſt your weapon draw,
Againſt that Prince whom I ordain to awe
The greateſt Kings, to baniſhment be gone,
I'le teach your ſaucy Muſe to dare a Throne.

Ov. If I in thought to you lefs Rev'rence gave
Than what the Deities from Altars have;
If that the Royal *Julia* I adore
In other manner than we worſhip Pow'r,
Add to the puniſhment that you have laid
Unjuſtly on me, and pronounce me dead.

Jul. O *Ceſar!* Father,—

Aug. Dare not intercede;
Speak but another word and he ſhall bleed.

Ov. For ever then thou glorious *Rome* farewell:
To the Earth's limits, *Ceſar*, I will go;
Where if thou haſt a yet unconquer'd Foe,
My Sword, for I have fought, ſhall take his head,
And with my Pen I'le damn him when he's dead. *Exit.*

Aug. Still homebred jarrs! But I theſe feuds will end;
By Heav'n I'le break your hearts if you'le not bend.
My *Hydra* Rebels vanquiſh'd, riſe up more,
Was ever Monarch thus perplex'd before?
O that *Pythagoras* his dream were true!
I wou'd not govern ſuch a curſed crew
One moment longer; Now, ey'n now I'de dye,
And into ſome more Kingly Lion fly,
Where with full Empire I the Woods might ſway,
And all the Nobler Beaſts my Laws obey. *Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. III.

SCENE 1. *The Palace Garden.*

Cæsario, Araspes, Leander.

Cæs. BY all the Trophies of the Conquer'd Field,
By ev'ry vanquish'd Sword, and batter'd Shield,
He dyes, though the Auxiliar Fates shou'd stand
To fence the lifted forces of my hand;
Though bulwark'd with *Rome*'s Hills in Tow'rs of Brass,
Yet like *Laocoon*'s Launce my Sword shall pass
Through all: —— By Heav'n to Hell he shall be thrown,
His Universal mightiness shall down.

Aras. Your ruine must inevitable be.

Cæs. It matters not what shall become of me.
Though all the Winds from their black corners rush,
Though Seas dash Clouds, old Rocks young Thunder crush,
Exempt from fear th' event we will attend,
And with big rays in Ports of Glory end.
If I must fall, I'le tumble with a Crown,
And grasp this Giant with me when I drown.

Lea. But, Royal Sir, can you your Friend forget?
Can an abuse so vast, a wrong so great
Be offer'd, that your Vows you shou'd recall?

Cæs. Smoak, vanish air! —— be they forgotten all.
No, dear *Marcellus*, you must pardon me;
A stroak! a stab! 'tis such an injury,
Were *Jove* in flesh and thunder'd with a blow,
I wou'd retort it like a God below.

Aras. E're ruine swallows you take one look more,
While yet you stand upon the beaten shore.

Lea. Yet e're you launch behold the rolling deep,
Where danger groans, and death it self does weep.

Cæs.

Cæs. Hence with thy Coward counsels! fly to Caves!
I'le climb these tow'ring dangers bark the waves:
And as I ride to the kick'd Flouds I'le cry,
Bear *Cæsar* with his Fathers fortune high.
Why do ye ask me then, and vainly mourn?
Can words move death, or Time cariering turn?
Can human eloquence the Stars controul,
Or when their doom has damn'd it, save a Soul?
Pray to descending Storms, or mounting Fire;
Them ye may weary, me ye shall not tire.

Aras. Since then no pray'rs can your wild fury tame,
The way least dang'rous to Revenge we'le name;
Though *Cæsar* from Heav'ns partial hand receive
Immediate pow'r, small vertue she did give.

Lea. When fierce Embassadors from *Parthia*'s King
Shew'd their huge Bows, and did long Arrows bring,
He to their threats in scornful answer laugh'd; —
Yet this great Scoffer shrinks at *Cupids* shaft:
Still may his glutted hands more Empire have,
So he continue Love's inglorious slave.

Cæs. What is his Mightiness by Beauty aw'd?
Is this th' *Augustus* so renown'd abroad,
The World's first man, and new created God?
The bright *Narcissa* with her Spring of charms,
'Tis true, has warm'd my heart half froze in Arms;
Her melting language strook my Winter back,
Loosn'd my Nerves, and made my heart-strings slack:
Yet were it possible that she cou'd weep
As long as I have practis'd toilsom War,
She shou'd not in her Lap my Honour keep,
Nor from its Trade my burning spirit bar.
When Conquest calls my Sword to fetch the prize,
And I stand listning to a Ladies cries,
Sighing to see the Roses pale, — O Heav'n!
O glorious War! let me be ne're forgiv'n.

Aras. There is a Bower, the mystick seat of Love,
Where death stands Centinel before the Grove;

Guards

Guards ever waking at the threshold lye,
And suffer none but *Cæsar* to pass by:
There his loose heart does in full Pastures graze,
And various Shes with awe upon him gaze.

Lea. Like Heav'ns proud King follow'd by Deities,
The Tyrant walks with shinings through the Trees;
His brow dilates, and his purs'd lips awhile
Forget their angry use, and gravely smile,
To see officious Beauties charm his cares,
Like Nights black locks all powderd o're with Stars.

Aras. There your revenge, if vengeance urge you still,
May glut your appetite, and drink her fill.
I have observ'd, and can your fury guide,
To a slight-guarded Gate oth' *Tiber* side,
Watch'd by some drowsie Slaves, not more then we,
Whom having kill'd, you may have passage free.

Cæs. Methinks already thou hast talk'd 'em dead,
And I am o're the fatal Barriers fled,
Like *Perseus* mounted on a Stead of Air,
Beating the Lists to find the Monster there.

Lea. There you may take him swoln with drunken joy,
And the Crown'd brute with a full stroak destroy:
Behold him sporting on spread *Memphian* spoils,
In Mantles wrap'd that breath rich od'rous oils,
Like a gay Snake basking in Sunny fields,
Embrac'd by her who ripest pleasure yields.

Cæs. Be gone, now instantly let's post away,
The black revenging minutes will not stay;
As the half-god *Augean* Stables clear'd,
I'le purge these Gardens with his bloud besmear'd.
Slow till the deed be done move the wing'd hours,
I'le do't though Dragons guard the golden Bowers.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE 2. *The Bower of* Gloriana.

SONG.

1.

AH the charms of a Beauty disdainfull and fair,
How she blasts all my joys when she bids me despair:
Forgetting my State, when I sigh and lye down,
And cast at her feet both Scepter and Crown,
She passes regardless, and says a young Swain,
Before an old Monarch, her love should obtain.

2.

Remember, Fair Nymph, my Grandfather Jove,
That rev'rend old God always made the best Love:
So fiercely he mov'd with a manner Divine,
That he melted his way, or blew up the Mine.
Your scorn of my age therefore cease to pursue,
And think what a loving old Cæsar *can do.*

Augustus, Gloriana.

Aug. From golden weights, high cares, Imperial strife,
From Storms of State, and Hurricans of life,
To the green Palace of the peacefull Grove
To *Gloriana*'s Bower, the Throne of Love,
I come with all the violence of mind,
The philters of Court-witchcraft to unbind:
Thy heav'nly voice is sure the noblest Spell,
And thy eyes charms all Magick else excell.

Glor. Ye Authors of all sway, for what dark end
To one so frail did you such pow'r commend?
He reels on such excessive height, he stands
And drops his Scepter from his shaking hands.

Aug. No matter, *Gloriana*, let it be,
Who wou'd not leave a Diadem for thee?

Are

Are not thy touches than all Scepters more?
Thy lips approach'd, where is the taſt of pow'r?
Love is all taſt, reliſh, and vital good;
Spirits it gives that o're life's channel brood,
And like Wine-ſparks dance through the brimming blood.
Each ſmile of thine drives from my age a day,
One balmy kiſs wou'd take a year away;
But oh the reſt wou'd give me Youth again,
Like an old Snake wou'd cauſe me caſt my skin.
Slacken my ſinues, make me ſwiftly move,
As *Mercury* deſcending from above,
Boldly as *Mars*, and luſtily as *Jove*.

Glor. Is this the man of ſuch renown in Wars,
Firſt upon Earth, and numbred with the Stars?
Wake from thy ſleep of death, dread Father, wake,
Pompey ariſe, the reins of Empire take;
Down let this driver from his Throne be hurl'd,
Or place me on the brow of the ſteep World,
That Nations driv'n by me may thunder on,
And at my nod millions of Swords be drawn,
Brandiſh'd with flaſhing death by mighty men,
And when I give the word be ſheath'd again.

Aug. They ſhall, they ſhall, ambitious lovely Maid!
I'le teach thy gentle arms the Warriour's trade,
Bind thy ſoft body faſt with bands of Steel,
And double-darted death thy foes ſhall kill.
New arts that ſhall the old in Arms ſurprize,
To ſee thy Launce as fatal as thy eyes.
Cæſar ſhall guard thee all the day in fight,
And compaſs thee about with lifted Shields,
So thou vouchſafe to dreſs thoſe wounds at night
Which he receiv'd for thee in fighting Fields.

Glo. Much you depend upon Tyrannick pride,
Or think this breaſt incapable of ſcorn,
Or that I never heard you had a Bride,
Or you forget I am of *Pompey* born;
If this your guilty mind conſider'd, how
Dare you approach me in my Brother's gore,

Off'ring worſe horrour with a brazen brow,
When your hot luſt the Siſter wou'd devour?

Aug. Talk not of that high bloud from which you came,
Nor how your Brothers wrongs your ſcorn enflame;
Heav'n the young *Pompey*'s honours did diſperſe,
And now alone I ſway the Univerſe:
Conſider this, and with the Time comply.

Glo. I have conſider'd, and reſolve to dye.
Compleat your crimes, for what can I expect
From rage which through the heart of *Tully* paſt,
Tully who did with God-like wit protect
Thy curſed youth, to be betray'd at laſt.
Go on, thou black Uſurper! ſtop more breath,
Encreaſe thy purples, fill thy Throne with death;
Still may new falſhood add to former guilt,
And the dear bloud of *Rome*'s beſt Sons be ſpilt;
And may thy cruelties alone do more,
Than all the curs'd Triumvirate before.

Aug. Hold, Princeſs, hold! provoke me not too far,
None ever ſaid thus much and liv'd; beware,
Thou'rt in my reach, no more my fetters ſhake,
My rage yet ſleeps, which Lion-like may wake.
My heart which as ſome ſtubborn fiery Steed,
Grew up unback'd, and did at random feed,
When Love approach'd like you, did not diſdain
So fair a Rider, yielding to the rein,
Now gently moves, except his freedom's barr'd;
But if you ſpur him much, and curb him hard,
Angry to be ſo indiſcreetly rode,
He ſprings and bounds beneath the mounted God.

Glo. If thy low fawning Love I ſcorn'd before,
I now diſdain thy menac'd fury more;
Death is the utmoſt that thy rage can do,
And that I'le ev'ry day provoke thee to.

Aug. Wilt thou? Ha! dar'ſt thou? ſharp provoking Fair!
Once more let me intreat thee do not dare,
Dare like a fooliſh Fly, whoſe vexing wings
Urge the ſlow Flame to burn her as ſhe ſings.

Not

Not as thy Slave before thee now I ſtand,
But as thy Lord, and one that will command;
As I am Maſter of the World, I'le be,
Spight of thy ſcorn, the Maſter too of thee.

Glo. Maſter oth' World! Indeed your Title's clear
When you amongſt the *Syrian* Boys appear,
Contending as for Triumphs all the day,
To win their Nutts and Bounding-ſtones at play.
Such Conqueſts with ſuch honourable pain
Who but the Maſter of the World cou'd gain?
Was it for this thou didſt all Nations quell,
And by thy Arms the noble *Brutus* fell?
You the Earth's God? This your *Cæſarian* pride?
Fly, fly, thy ſhame from human knowledge hide;
To ſome By-path from all obſervance ſtray,
And far from Roads of Glory take your way.

Aug. Now Rider Love! my life on't down a' goes;
Look to't, I ſay, thy trembling knees keep cloſe;
Cloſe to my ſide like deſtiny now ſit,
Fixt in my heart-ſtrings firmly plant thy feet,
For in my Teeth I've got th' ungrateful bit.
There, there, with that laſt heave I threw him down,
And now I thank my Stars my heart's my own.
Beauty, thou once m' enlightner bright and kind,
For ever ſet, I'le ſcourge thee from my mind
Like day, nor ſhalt thou leave one ſtreak behind:
Thy lips, thy tongue, thy eyes have now no charms;
My ſoul b' ambition wak'd to old alarms,
Starts up and liſtens to the clanck of Arms.

Glo. Without this circumſtance my death ordain.

Aug. No, that wou'd be to put thee out of pain:
As haughty Vertue's ſharpeſt puniſhment,
Thou ſhalt live ſtill, but not live innocent.

Glo. Not innocent! I ſcorn thy impious breath,
I'le ope' ten thouſand doors to let in death.

Aug. Not one, I'le ſhut up all, and ſet ſtrict guard,
There's not a Wicket ſhall be left unbarr'd;

No chink through which kind Fate may draw thy thred,
Or Death with his least finger touch thee dead.

Glo. Still rack thy cruel heart and curſed brain,
Yet after all thy wiſh thou ſhalt not gain;
Burſt with thy malice, for I will not live,
My life ſhall ſtarve that honour may ſurvive.

Aug. Nor that, for e're to morrow's Sun appear,
Thy Virgin-pride ſhall vaniſh into air.
Starve, *Gloriana*, in a Monarch's bed!
By Heav'n thou ſhalt to ſurfeiting be fed.

Glo. Still perjur'd, ſince it ſhall not, cannot be
So rich a purchaſe ſhou'd be reap'd by thee;
For though I ſhou'd conſent to have it ſold,
Thou couldſt not buy, thou art ſo wretched old.

Aug. If bliſs anon wou'd not leſs fiercely flow,
By all my hopes I wou'd enjoy thee now:
But more delib'rate pleaſure is decreed,
I le come by Moon-light which my flame ſhall feed,
Like *Tarquin* pale reſolv'd upon the deed.
O *Gloriana!* e're the Lark has ſung
Her morning Anthem, thou ſhalt ſay I'm young;
Love through my life an equal pace has run,
Swift near the Goal as where it firſt begun:
I keep my courſe like the old Lord of Day,
On my red cheeks the ſilver Treſſes play,
I ſhout and drive and never feel decay. *Exit.*

Glo. I thank thee, Heav'n, that thou doſt me ordain
For woes no other woman cou'd ſuſtain.
Woman! what man ſuch Tempeſts cou'd outwear?
Yet like a rock both Sea and Winds I'le dare.

Enter Cæſario, *driving in the Captain.*

Cæſ. So ſturdy, Sir, you that wou'd take my Sword?
'Tis for you, there; now bear it to your Lord.
[*The Captain falls.*
Cæſar come forth, thou Female-god appear,
Not *Plangus* but *Cæſario* waits thee here,

The Son of *Julius*, and the wide World's heir;
Thou hear'ſt, but to approach me doſt not dare.
In what dark covert are thy Glories laid,
Or do they ſleep beneath ſome Laurel ſhade?
Rock'd on thy Miſtreſs lap, whoſe knitting hands
Lock up thy Captive cares in downy bands.
Wake, wake, by Heav'n my wrath thou ſhalt not ſhun,
Though thou beneath her Robes for ſhelter run.

Glo. What art that wander'ſt in this fatal Wood,
Whoſe thirſty Sword ſeeks for Majeſtick blood?
Was it a borrow'd Title, or true name
Thou didſt aſſume, whoſe eyes quick rouling flame,
Glows with Ambition, Pride, Revenge and Fame?

Cæſ. Ha! — what I was you heard me ſpeak but now;
I was I know not what, and am I know not how.
But ſpeak and I'le conſider what to ſay,
I've hunted hard and now my heart's at Bay.

Glo. If you the Son of Divine *Julius* are,
How durſt you in *Auguſtus* Court appear?
No breaſt but yours ſuch raſhneſs ever knew,
But to approach him here, and ſingly too,
Nought but diſtraction or deſpair would do.
'Tis certain death.

Cæſ. That certain death is paſt,
And I upon the bleſſed ſhore am caſt:
I track'd a Fiend I thought by Furies driv'n,
I ſought for Hell, but ſtumbled upon Heav'n.
You are ——

Glo. A woman.

Cæſ. Angels ſhou'd ſpeak true,
But ſure ſo bright a flow'r on Earth ne're grew:
Her lips, her cheeks muſt more than Roſes be;
What Stars her eyes, what moving Majeſty?
So ſweet and ſo imperious too they move,
Sparkling with beauty, glitt'ring all with Love;

Enter

Enter Leander.

Lea. Haſt, or the Emp'ror will evade the toil;
He's almoſt out of ſight, haſt to the ſpoil.

Cæſ. Not *Julia*'s ſuch when all her gemms ſhe wears,
Nor ſad *Narciſſa* more adorn'd with tears;
Yield Beauties yield, or ſhun this dazling eye,
Since thoſe that ſtay will ſoon her Victims lye,
Like Autumn-leaves, turn yellow all and dye.

Glo. Juſt Heav'n does ſure this God-like man provide,
To bear me from the Tyrants luſt and pride.
Beauty, if thou didſt ever, aid me now,
That I may make this haughty gazer bow,
This heav'nly Youth; Oh force him to adore,
To love me only, I'le ne're ask thee more.

Cæſ. Why beats my heart as I had poiſon ta'en?
What means my burning breaſt and giddy brain?
Swift thrilling cold with panick terrour flies,
And an unuſual thaw diſſolves my eyes;
If Love thou art, I will not take the wound,
My Armour ſhall thy pointed darts confound;
I'le draw 'em, if they cannot be withſtood,
Though to the Feathers drinking in my blood;
Then ſhake 'em at her eyes with fix'd diſdain,
And hurl 'em to thy Godhead back again.

Enter Araſpes.

Araſ. Your vengeance muſt another ſeaſon take.
Cæſ. Love is low play, which Warriours ſhou'd forſake;
Yet what a ſtir does this blind Gameſter make?
He makes my heart rebound about my breaſt,
And laughs to ſee me tire, and cries no reſt;
From ſide to ſide ſtrikes the tormented Ball,
And with each ſtroke he dints the very wall.

Glo. If you in Fields have purchas'd high renown,
Have with perſiſting Vertue wonders done,
And Wreaths rewards of toiling Valour won;

Now

Now in a Princeſs quarrel lift your Sword,
Fate never did a nobler cauſe afford.
By all the mighty Battels you have fought,
By all the Trophies you with bloud have bought,
A Royal ſuff'ring Virgins wrongs redreſs,
And kill the Giant vice that wou'd oppreſs.
Cæſ. I meet the ſummons ſwift, and ſnatch the joy,
Kindling at death, and panting to deſtroy;
Another Sword like mine you'l ne're imploy.
War was my Miſtreſs, and I lov'd her long;
She lov'd my Muſick, ſhoutings were my Song,
And claſhing Arms that eccho'd through the Plain,
Neighings of Horſes, groans of dying men;
Notes which the Trump and hoarſer Drum affords,
And dying ſounds riſing from falls of Swords.
Command diſpatch, and bid your Lightning fly,
I'le flaſh, I'le kill, I'le conquer in your eye,
And after all here yield my breath and dye.
—— O cou'd you love!
Glo. Let Love be mention'd laſt,
But firſt to free me hence you ſhou'd forecaſt.
Cæſ. By all my love you are already paſt:
You are, O Heav'n! wherever you wou'd be,
And I am with you all o're extaſie.
High walls and Tow'rs are levell'd where you go;
You tread on pants, and ſighs about you blow,
And hearts in their own bleedings round you flow.
Araſ. If you wou'd bear her ſafe, haſt Sir away.
Lea. The minute's critical and will not ſtay.
Cæſ. Move on, and bravely let us meet our dooms,
But give me warning e're the Tyrant comes;
I'le follow ſlowly, and while Love is by,
The ſwifteſt deaths and ruſhing fates defie.
Glo. In all your acts ſuch God-like manners ſhine,
I doubt not but your Parents are Divine;
Therefore to match you with a ſtock of fame,
Know from a race as high as yours I came,

Pompey the Great, and fair *Cornelia* gave
The life which you so gen'rously wou'd save.

Cæs. Ha! now I find the cause I ne're cou'd love;
Long, long ago our hearts were pair'd above;
And my ambition joyn'd with destiny,
Oft times suggesting it cou'd never be,
That *Cæsar*'s Son who all the World had aw'd,
Shou'd wed beneath the daughter of a God. *Exeunt.*

ACT. IV.

SCENE, *The Palace of* Marcellus.

Marcellus *with his Sword drawn against* Julia.

Mar. BY Heav'n I'le bear no more, 'tis publick now,
Disgrace so bold is grav'd upon thy brow,
That e'en old age, whose eyes are seldom clear,
Dim with death's mist, can read thy falshood there:
All *Rome* with thy proclaim'd dishonour rings,
And ev'ry Infant *Julia*'s lewdness sings.
What can thy crimes expect from my just rage?

Jul. 'Death, let my bloud your violent wrath asswage;
'Tis better we shou'd both for ever sleep
In calms, then wake in storms, and always weep.

Mar. Weep! If the Ocean from thy eyes were spilt,
The Ocean cou'd not wash away thy guilt.
Nor think that when thy Beauties shall be laid
In Earth, thy peace is then for ever made;
No, faithless Fair! still shalt thou haunted be,
And a long row of pale Adult'rers see,
And me at last pursuing them and thee.

Jul. Not haunting Furies there can rack me more,
Than Jealousies on earth that louder roar;

Though

Though I shou'd make account for ev'ry thought,
While false relations are by Traytors wrought;
And you believe those most that most abuse,
'Twere vain for me my honour to excuse.

Mar. How well your pride an innocence can feign?
Excuse your honour! That indeed's most vain;
Thy purpose vain as thy past actions foul,
Vain all thy thoughts which with wild fancies roul,
And one immortal Vanity's thy soul.

Jul. I cannot stay to hear your vain debate.

Mar. Pass not this way, 'tis guarded with thy fate.

Jul. Strike then, and free me from a world of cares,
Better dye once then always live in fears:
Loud clamours all the day my peace molest,
With perjur'd, false, I hate, renounce, detest;
Still am I wak'd by day with these alarms:
At night you start, and throw me from your arms.
Last night your head upon my breast repos'd,
Just as sweet balmy sleep my eyes had clos'd,
Hearing me sigh, you cry'd aloud, By Heav'n
Those sighs are to your dear lov'd *Ovid* giv'n;
But I will conjure him from *Pontus* back,
And his curs'd life by thousand torments take.

Mar. O *Julia*, is there not a cause for this?
Thou sayst I rob thy days and nights of peace,
Hast thou not robb'd my life of all its bliss?
Heav'n witness what I am, and what have been;
What thou hast done, how gloried in thy sin,
How triumph'd in thy ills. ——

Jul. What I have done
Shall to no mortal, not to you be known.

Mar. I'le know.

Jul. Ye shall not.

Mar. With this sure I shall;
I'le open ev'ry vein and know thee all.

Jul. Strike; —— to thy vengeance summon all the lies
Which false *Tiberius* malice cou'd devise.

Mar. I've summon'd all he told with loyal breath,
And all those truths doom thee to sudden death.

Jul. Why then dost thou not strike, revenging Lord!
Behold my breast prepar'd to meet thy Sword;
Thy cruel kindness thus it shall approve,
Naked to Anger, as it was to Love.
Why shrinks thy arm as if it fear'd to wound,
And drops thy coward weapon to the ground?

Mar. I know thee false, yet have no power to harm;
Fierce passion my arm'd vengeance does disarm:
Beauty which through thy vice I cou'd not spy,
Did like a dang'rous foe in Ambush lye.
Here, *Julia*, execute thy bloudy will,
I know thy purpose is at last to kill:
Be but thus kind, life freely I resign;
Thou'rt born to break all hearts, and must break mine.

Jul. No, my *Marcellus*, trust me from this hour
You shall be ever my Lord Conquerour;
Thou ever wert the dearest of mankind,
But now my heart is to thy looks confin'd.
By all our Loves you never were betray'd,
Henceforth be absolute, my breast invade,
There like a gentle Monarch thou shalt sway,
And I with gentler mind thy Laws obey.

Mar. Prove but thy heart as heav'nly as thy tongue,
Be but thus good, and I had never wrong.

Enter Cæsario *bloudy, leading* Gloriana *veil'd, follow'd by* Leander, Araspes.

Mar. My noble brother! what can friendship say
Which from my arms absented half a day?
Together still in Battel we did ride,
Nor cou'd united Troops the link divide;
Shall Peace dis-joyn what was not broke by War,
And Crowds in Courts do more then Armies there?

Cæs. Now I shall try the friendship which you boast;
If now not found, let it be ever lost.

This

This Beauty with some bloud and danger bought,
(Great deeds for Beauty by young bloud are wrought)
I from the den of an old Beast of prey
Snatch'd, while abroad he did for forage stray.
By this he is return'd, and finds her gone;
By this the Groves resound, and Forests groan.
Mar. Thus in your cause advancing thus I face
A band of Bloud-hound Furies in their chase.
Cæs. First let us lodge where they shall never find,
The Hart whose death those Hunters have design'd;
Then with Relays each to his station go,
And bravely fall upon the Savage foe:
Our Bugle breath shall wind Recheats, and tell
'Tis not the Deers, but the rouz'd Hunter's knell.
Jul. While you that Vertue might not be undone
Look'd fierce, methought my brows too catch'd a frown;
I burn'd and grew ambitious to be one.
Whoe're she be, as sure she is most fair,
For whom the sounds of fame so busie are,
I promise her a covert where she shall,
Safe as in clouds, look down upon 'em all.
Cæs. O bounty which my blood can never pay
I wou'd do all, yet I must something say;
What Hell-born envy, curs'd infernal spight,
So us'd to darkness that it hates the light,
Shall dare though silence she with pain endures,
Traduce a Vertue so renown'd as yours?
By Heav'n I swear, and by this faithful Steel,
So deep in Beautie's conquring quarrel dy'd,
I stand your Champion to your cause ally'd,
To damn those Slaves that have your fame bely'd.

Enter Narcissus *running.*

Nar. Fly, fly, you're lost, the Empire's overthrown!
Fly *Plangus*, fly Sir, murder'd *Cæsar*'s Son!
Not stir! By all my fears, most cruel Friend,
Thou shalt not stay and dye, I'le drag thee hence.

The Captain whom your valour left for dead,
Heard your discourse, and has relation made.
All's out, thou art betray'd, O Heav'n! undone,
What shall I say? thy name, thy birth is known;
Destruction gallops to thy murder Post,
And *Cæsar* looks as if the World were lost.

Ces. Though driv'n by whirlwinds he shou'd roul like fire,
I wou'd not from this Earth one inch retire;
Let destiny about my death consult,
All thoughts of safety from my side revolt,
I'le stand him though he were a Thunderbolt.

Mar. Perhaps my pray'rs and low submissions may
Divert his wrath, or his revenge delay.

Jul. With yours my mingled tears and sighs shall joyn,
He may resist yours, but he shall not mine.

Nar. But if inflexibly he will deny,
Together let us all resolve to dye.

Glo. Since this secures my honour, can I fear?
Not Martyrs with more joy their summons hear.
Methinks I long in those dark walks to tread,
And wrap my self about with honour'd Lead,
Where all the Worthies of the Earth lye dead.
Nor shall my Spirit in that pond'rous Case
Be kept, but shoot as rays through Chrystal pass;
Through doors of death, with Mountains pil'd on Rocks,
With thousand Bars, and with ten thousand Locks,
Like Lightning she shall cut her sacred way
Through all, and rise to everlasting day.

Nar. What Spirit's this more fierce than boldest men,
That with such hautiness does life disdain?

Ces. O death! thou ever dry blood-thirsty Slave,
All! Hell-hound, all art thou resolv'd to have?
But tast my heart, 'tis Royal, rich and good,
Each drop's more worth than Tuns of Vulgar blood.
Cannot th' exhausted shore for once suffice?
I'le make it up with Rivers from their eyes;
Tears will not make him drunk, the Slave replies,

Glo. Can this be true, *Cæſario*, doſt thou droop?
Doſt thou at laſt beneath death's burden ſtoop?
Is this the Hero, this the God-like man
Whoſe rage the ſtout *Iberians* over-ran?
That me redeem'd this day from rav'nous pow'r,
And from the pounces of the Vulture tore?
Cæſ. O *Gloriana!* with confuſion I
Confeſs 'tis now a dreadfull thing to dye:
Your fatal purpoſe does to pieces tear
That courage which all dangers elſe can dare.
O live, retire, and thoſe bleſt Beauties hide,
Far from the reach of *Cæſar*'s cruel pride;
Then I ſhall eaſily death's yoke put on,
And calm as thoſe that fall aſleep lye down.
Glo. Cæſario, No, unjuſt is thy requeſt, [*puts up her veil*, Narciſſa
Why ſhou'd I wake when thou art gon to reſt? *obſerves her.*
And ſince I love thee, which I now may own,
The faſteſt ſecrets are by death undone,
What will life ſignifie when thou art gone?
Grant that I 'ſcape the Tyrant's rage, and fly
To ſome ſtrange Land, and leave you here to dye,
Shall I ſurvive to blot thee from my mind?
Forget thee? Or to one leſs brave be kind?
Is this thy wiſh? or wouldſt thou I ſhou'd live
And thy eternal loſs for ever grieve?
Cæſ. Live, dye, be free, or yield your ſelf again,
I will no more of you, but Heav'n complain;
Heav'n that can ſee ſuch Vertue in diſtreſs,
And with exceeding power a Tyrant bleſs;
Heav'n that cou'd ſmile when nobleſt *Romans* fell,
As if enormous cruelties were well;
Heav'n that allows this parricide a name
As great and good as the firſt Sons of Fame.
Nar. Love ſparkles through her ſhade:
His eyes to her, and hers to him are mov'd,
She loves, ſhe loves and is again belov'd;
She ſighs and weeps, and rouls her ſubtle eyes,
And all the charms of knowing beauty trys:

She looks as if her very eyes wou'd ſpeak,
As if (ah wou'd it might) her heart wou'd break.
But *Cæſar* comes, ſome other time I'le take
To tell my wrongs, his life is now at ſtake.

Enter Auguſtus, Captain, Agrippa, Mecænas, *Guards.*

Capt. Hither I follow'd 'em with cautious view.
Aug. Mecænas, let him have the Talents due.
Lo where the Raviſher undaunted ſtands,
As if encompaſs'd with a thouſand Bands;
Bold as *Briareus* warring in Heav'ns Field,
When fifty flaming Swords his arms did weild,
And fifty Shields expos'd to thunder held.
O my *Agrippa!* ſhou'd I view him long,
I ſhou'd forget, forgive the mighty wrong;
In that Majeſtick glance, and fiery ayre,
Methinks our awfull Father does appear.
Agr. Something leſs fierce his viſage does renew,
Such beams from beauteous *Cleopatra* flew,
When ſighing Kings to *Ægypt*'s Court ſhe drew.
Cæſ. Yes, my renown'd extraction I declare,
I am by birth what you adopted are,
The King of Kings, and the World's lawfull Heir.
Aug. Such you were nam'd by *Anthony* indeed,
But the great *Cæſar* otherwiſe decreed.
Cæſ. What he intended who but Heav'n can tell?
Scarce ſeated from th' Imperial Throne he fell:
He ſtood on *Atlas* ſhoulders unaffraid
Some minutes, and the trampled Globe ſurvey'd;
Fill'd with vaſt buſineſs, and with thoughts profound,
He had not leiſure for a proſpect round;
For e're to *Ægypt*'s Queen he could be juſt,
That head which Stars encompaſs'd, kiſs'd the duſt.
Aug. Yet to make void whatever you can ſay,
And daſh your boldeſt hopes that fly at ſway,
By his laſt Will, which was to *Romans* ſhewn,
I was ordain'd to mount and fill his Throne,

To

To scourge the World, and awe mankind alone.
Cæs. I no Imperial Herald am, to find
The source of pow'r, nor how its riv'lets winde;
Yet this I know, your latter boast was vain,
Cæsar had ne're adopted you to reign,
Had he known me, who from the womb was past,
And first saw light when he beheld it last.
Aug. When conqu'ring *Cæsar Pompey* did pursue,
And in his cause the *Memphian* Tyrant slew,
He bought your Mothers love with *Ægypts* Crown,
And with her at a Kingdoms price lay down.
But having surfeited with Beauties joys,
For Beauty much possess'd extremely cloys,
Scar'd with his shame he wak'd to Warrs alarms,
He left her pregnant, and he rush'd to Arms.
'Twas God-like, and he imitated *Jove*,
Who with excessive thundring tir'd above,
Comes down for ease, enjoys a Nymph, and then
Mounts dreadful and to thundring goes again.
Cæs. Talkst thou of her basely that gave me birth,
The most illustrious Empress of the earth,
Whose smiles Kings did with adorations crave?
By Heav'n she wou'd have scorn'd thee for her Slave.
Name not thy humbler bloud, nor let it be
Compar'd to mine, no more than I to thee;
Who am to thee, nor will I me commend,
A God all o're, and thou all o're a Fiend.
Aug. You speak, *Cæsario*, with as little dread,
As if you were at some vast Armie's head;
Were it not that I rev'rence *Cæsar's* blood,
Thus long you had not disrespectful stood.
Cæs. O counterfeit! O Crocodile of Pow'r!
Not woman e're dissembled thus before,
Thou reverence *Cæsar's* blood ——
Thou who didst never ought that's gen'rous do,
Who never didst forgive a noble foe,
Me wouldst thou make believe thou canst be kind?
I know th' hypocrisie, thy dev'lish mind,

Which

Which holds thy Angel-colours high to ſhew,
But art all ruine, blood and Hell below.

Aug. Who e're was thus provok'd and cou'd forbear?
Be witneſs all, himſelf he will not ſpare,

Cæſ. No, Tyrant, no, I will in publick dye,
And once at leaſt expoſe thy cruelty;
The murders which thou hitherto haſt done
Were acted cloſe, their Authors rarely known;
But I will periſh in the view of all,
And to my laſt gaſp Tyrant, Tyrant call.

Aug. Pardon me, Father, and juſt rage forgive,
I offer life which he cannot receive,
He's ſo Heroick that he will not live.
'Tis his deſire, and for this one laſt hour
I have decreed he ſhall be Emperour;
His Majeſtie's reſolv'd you heard him ſay,
Guards go and his Imperial will obey.

Cæſ. Let 'em come on, 'tis ſport that I have try'd
In hundred Battels, thouſand deaths defy'd,
And now in all their horrours can deride. [*draws.*

(*As the Guards prepare to fall on,* Marcellus *draws.*)

Mar. Reſtrain your fury, barb'rous men! take heed,
By *Cæſar* he that goes not back ſhall bleed.

Aug. What now? *Marcellus!* Darſt thou Traytor draw
Thy Sword againſt thy Father? where's the awe,
The Majeſty this face was wont to bear?

Mar. 'Twere Cowardice in ſuch a cauſe to fear:
No, *Cæſar*, either grant my Friend his life,
Or ſee me periſh in the noble ſtrife.

Aug. Do, periſh, dye; is't poſſible that thou
Shouldſt call him Friend, who is thy Father's Foe?
He who thy only Rival is in power,
Doſt thou not know he wou'd thy life devour?
Who Serpent-like does to thy boſom ſpring,
And with warm foldings does about thee cling,
Watching his time when he may ſhew his ſting.

Cæ;

Cæs. This such a baseness is, so black a guilt,
As all the Seas of bloud which thou hast spilt,
With all thy clouds of Lusts can't parallel,
Thou dost in falshood now thy self excel:
But thou'd *Marcellus* harbour such a thought,
I am to something worse than ruine brought.

Mar. Tax not my loyalty, you are too just
The firmness of my Friendship to mistrust;
I am all yours, and you stand here as fair
And fast as e're you stood in shining War;
As I have seen you in bright Steel sustain
The shock of Troops that made assaults in vain.

Aug. Ungrateful wretch! unworthy of a Throne!
By Heav'n I will adopt another Son:
Canst thou thy right to Kingdoms give away,
Thy self and him who rais'd thee thus betray?
Forget what sweating pains, what bloudy toils
We bore, adorn'd our Arms with Nations spoils;
Yet with our utmost reach scarce grasp'd a Crown,
Glory than Empire is much easier won:
Empire's like Heav'n, which who wou'd bravely win,
Must Giant-like with high assault begin;
Heap Hills on Mountains, Project add to Plot,
Till huge foundation for the work be wrought:
And as he climbs, at Stars that cross him frown,
And tear 'em fast as petty Princes down.
Thus through all opposition must he pass
O're walls of Chrystal, battlements of Brass,
Till Majesty cries out, This, This alone
Is he who Heav'n becomes, and fits a Throne.

Cæs. Thou talkst of cruelty, of bloud and toil,
Yet having hunted me into the toil,
My Lion rage with words far off you brave,
But come not nigh for fear you find a Grave.

Aug. Disarm *Marcellus*, and *Cæsario* slay;
Kill him, hast, kill him without more delay.

(Julia *and* Narcissa *interpose and kneel.*)

Jul. Hold, Father.
Nar. Hold.
Jul. Let me your wrath attone.
Nar. O hear the Sister of your once lov'd Son.
Jul. Your daughter hear. [*They come forward*
Nar. As you are great be good. *on their knees.*
Jul. And hear the voice of your own crying blood.
Aug. Treason! Conspiracy! they have dombin'd
With knit disloyalty to break my mind;
To waste my spirits, and to bow my will;
Yet like an old tough Oak I'le hold out still:
Spight of the sighs that blow, and showrs that weep,
My soul to death shall her now'd purpose keep.
Speak, break your hearts, the Gusts of grief I'le tire,
Like hammer'd Anvile I'le more blows require,
That at each stroke my eyes may scatter fire.
Nar. By all the God-like honours you have won.
Jul. By all the Nations that you have undone.
Nar. Stop here, the Tempest of your fory lay,
Do not the Earth with lasting storms dismay.
Jul. Or to your rouling Thunder give a check,
Or let the cloud upon your daughter break.
Aug. Yes, Vipers! yes, by *Jupiter* it shall!
I'le lighten, thunder, and consume ye all!
Kill 'em, Guards, kill my Neece, my Daughter, Son;
'Tis glorious death they seek, hast, push 'em on.
Ha! Villains, ---- Traytors, dare ye thus give back?
My self in my own cause revenge will take.

[Agrippa *and* Mecænas *hold him.*

Though bloud's below an Emperour to spill,
I'le first disarm 'em, and then you shall kill.

[*Strives to get from* Agrippa.

Thus an old Lion struggles with his prey,
Which when all torn his flaming eyes survey,
The Royal Savage scorns the easie prize,
And calls his young ones forth with dreadfull cries;

He gathers round him all the cruel brood,
Thus calls 'em on, and fleshes 'em in blood.

[*Breaks from their arms,* Gloriana *unveils and meets him.*]

Glor. Augustus, hold, and *Cæsar*'s Son retire,
'Tis just that I for all shou'd once expire;
Cæsario but for me you ne're had known,
Who sav'd my life by hazarding his own.
Because *Cæsario* has my honour freed,
Your doom has sentenc'd him and these to bleed:
Which to avoid, and set all right again,
Cæsar, I yield to wear my former chain.

Cæs. Ah cruel Princess! what, what have you don?
And whither wou'd you from *Cæsario* run?
All's lost for which I thought life worth regard;
You have your self transferr'd that dear reward
Which I with thousand dangers wou'd have bought,
You have your self my sharpest torments wrought.
Death I cou'd meet in its most hideous forms,
In brazen Bulls, in racks, wheels, fires, and storms,
But cannot see you his: ---- Here, Tyrant, take *[renders his Sword.*
A life that does its own disquiets make.
To her vexation, terrour 'tis to thee,
But of all torments 'tis the worst to me.

Aug. I take thy Sword, and when I think it fit,
Thy soul her melancholly house shall quit.

Glor. By all Heroick proofs of your high fame,
When yours I cease to be, I nothing am:
Conceal'd exalted projects fill my mind,
I had not else to *Cæsar* thus resign'd
What is all yours.

Cæs. By Heav'n you are all his,
Already he is hastning to his bliss.
How to your self unkind, to me unjust,
That wou'd to one so known a Tyrant trust;
I see his eyes red with Triumphant lust. ——
I see him from your sacred body tear
The scatter'd Robes in your dishevel'd hair;

I ſee his bloudy hand, I hear his tongue
Cry Yield, and now I ſee you thrown along;
Hands tir'd, ſpeech loſt, no Rhet'rick now appears,
But ſpeaking ſighs, and more perſwading tears:
Now graſping thee my fancy ſhews him nigher,
Pale as thy cheeks, and ſhaking with deſire;
I ſee him on thy vanquiſh'd honour tread,
I ſee the Rape, and with the ſight am dead.

Aug. Death! ---- I'le endure no more, haſt, lead her hence,
And Guards, upon your lives ſecure the Prince.
How darſt thou gaze thus now thy doom is paſt?

Cæſ. I'le look my ſoul out.

Aug. Do, this look's thy laſt.
To rack thee more, thou ſhalt look once again,
And paſs by Heav'n to Hell; 'tis witty pain,
And worthy of a King's revengeful brain.
As obſcene Birds ſnatch the remains of light,
Riſe late in Summer-Eves, and ſet in Night;
So like a Bat thou ſhalt her eyes ſurvey,
Then in death's deepeſt darkneſs dive away.

(*He goes out, follow'd by* Marcellus, Julia, Narciſſa, *who ſeem to intreat him;* Guards *ſtay.*)

Cæſ. O *Gloriana!*

Glor. O *Cæſario!*

Cæſ. Ceaſe;
Let's ſeal our lips with everlaſting peace:
Griefs ſo unutterable who can ſpeak?

Glor. Have we hearts ſtill?

Cæſ. Grant Heav'n that mine may break.

Glor. Cæſario, we muſt part.

Cæſ. Gods! ſhe's in haſt,
The time the Tyrant gave ſhe wiſhes paſt.

Glor. Cæſar's commands will inſtantly be ſent,
'Tis better to divide than to be rent.
How much I love ——

Cæſ. That I wou'd dying hear,
And to the ſhades the ſweet expreſſions bear.

Glor.

Glor. Why shou'd you wish what cannot be expresst,
But gues's my flame by that which warms your breast?
Love's magnitnde is harder to declare,
Than 'tis to tell the bigness of a Star.
This I can say, if that can passion shew,
With you I'd rather to a Cottage go,
Than with *Augustus* live and wear a Crown;
'Tis death to part, ---- and yet I must be gone.
This though I know, I cannot but look back,
And sigh adieus, and thousand farewells take.
I linger after you, and wish your sight,
Like Birds that languish for the morning light:
Like Babes unkindly wean'd, that take no rest,
But bath'd in tears lye pining for the breast;
I seek your heart, and when I find it gone,
I weep and sigh as I wou'd break my own.

Cæs. 'Tis Love, 'tis Love the great dear extasie,
And I with Raptures find you equal me.
O that such Loves shou'd have so quick a doom!
Like lives of Lillies, blasted in their bloom:
Yet we'l appear in this last minute strong,
And talk as if our joys shou'd flourish long:
We, like protesting Swains, will plight our faith,
And wish that when we break, our perjur'd breath
May strait be stop'd by the cold hand of death.

Glor. If not to death my passion I preserve,
And all the Love which you can give deserve,
Though from their seats the Rival Gods came down,
And each shou'd wooe me with a Starry Crown;
Though the fine Sun, or finer God of Love,
Shou'd swear they priz'd me more than joys above;
Yet if to them in all the beams they wear,
I did not thee in humble weeds prefer,
May Lions bolting from the neareſt Wood,
Quench their hot thirst in *Gloriana*'s blood.

Cæs. If thou more fair then the red mornings dawn,
Sweeter then Pearley dews that scent the lawn;

Then

Then blue-ey'd Violets, or the damask Roſe,
When in her hotteſt fragrancy ſhe glows,
And the cool Weſt her wafted odour blows;
If thou art not the darling of my ſoul,
May Mountains big with curſes on me roul.

Glor. On me may Lightnings fall, and Mildews rain,
And may I dye at laſt of Mother's pain.

Cæſ. May *Jove* ſhowr all his Thunders on my head,
And may I be deſpis'd when I am dead;
Then as I lye all pale upon the ground,
May ev'ry Virgin give my breaſt a wound;
May no eye pity me, nor heart deplore
That faithleſs wretch who his firſt Love forſwore. *Exeunt.*

ACT. V.

SCENE, *The Imperial Chamber.*

Auguſtus, Narciſſa.

Aug. WHat! ſhall I never reſt till I am dead?

Nar. I'le wake you in your everlaſting bed;
I'le baniſh ſilence from your ears, your eyes
Affright with forms of ghaſtly miſeries;
Yet hear me. ——

Aug. Thou ſhalt be a Monarch's wife,
Ask me no more to ſpare *Cæſario's* life,
A vagabond thou ſhouldſt diſdain to own,
I ſwear I'le match thee to a Prince; be gone.

Nar. A Prince! what Prince, what King, what God can be
Equal to him, to my Divinity?
He is a Prince, a King, a God to me;
My heart's firſt, laſt, chief, deareſt, only joy;
Can you hear this, yet purpoſe to deſtroy?
O Iron heart!

Aug.

Aug. Yet you can make it run;
Soft fool, be gone: by Heav'n ſhe melts me down.
Nar. My milkie infancy why did you grace,
And flatter ſo while you did me embrace?
And ſwear this was the prettieſt charming face:
Is there no ſweetneſs left, no grace to move?
Am I grown old? have I quite loſt your love?
No kind remains? all promiſes forgot?
Aug. They are, they are, and I will pay thee nought.
I'm call'd to high affairs and muſt not ſtay,
Go to your Garden-huſwifry, away.
Nar. 'Tis well indeed you can remember that;
Oft times as I on beds of Violets ſat,
You on my knees plac'd your Majeſtick head,
While on your Crown my Infant-fingers plaid,
And all your Silver hairs in order laid;
And then you ſmil'd and promis'd, nay you ſwore
Whatever I cou'd ask of bounteous pow'r,
It ſhou'd be granted: This you needs muſt know,
And Heav'n that heard you ſure will angry grow,
And will revenge, if you deny me now.
Aug. *Auguſtus* cannot with *Cæſario* ſtand:
Asking his life, thou doſt my death demand.
Two *Cæſars* the rent World will ne're obey,
As well two Rival Suns might drive the day,
Or *Jove* a partner brook in heav'nly ſway.
Nar. Poor Prince, you wrong him; he an Emperour!
Alaſs he never meant to ſhare your pow'r;
Spare but his life, and he with me ſhall dwell,
In Groves which all your Palaces excell;
Where Heav'n and Earth their choiceſt wealth beſtow,
Where no ſuch weeds as Pride or Envy grow.
We'l mock the arts of Courts, and harms of State,
Where thoſe are higheſt that wade deep in fate,
Like Giants very cruel, very great.
Aug. Well, leave me, I'le conſider what to do,
Cæſario lives, and owes his life to you.

Nar.

Nar. Live! ſhall he live! O Heav'ns! pronounce it pla.
Speak Let him live, diſtinctly once again,
That I may dye upon the raviſh'd ſound,
And with my laſt breath eccho, Live around.
But you perhaps your myſtick mind unfold
In Riddling terms, like Oracles of old;
And I unknowing innocence may take
Your purpoſe wrong, and ſome groſs errour make.
Dear dreadfull Sir, let me this grace receive, [*kneels*
Shall he without equivocation live?

Enter Gloriana.

Aug. Riſe, dear *Narciſſa*, riſe, haſt and retire,
I yield, I grant whatever you require.
Nar. This is my hated Rival, e're I go
I'le watch and what ſhe acts with *Ceſar* know.
Aug. Ambition's poiſon which the Spirits burn,
And all the bloud to liquid Sulphur turn;
The toil of War when action makes us ſweat,
Scorch'd with our ſultry Arms redoubled heat;
Plagues, Surfeits, Feavers, the great harms of Peace,
Contracted by exceſſive idleneſs,
Are Dew-drops to the brands, the glowing fire
You kindle here, and with your breath inſpire.
Glor. My tears ſhall quench the flame.
Aug. You may as well
Put out the Sun, or quench the fires of Hell.
I thought you ſet for ever, but you riſe
More glorious, more tormenting to my eyes.
Glor. Of furious paſſion why ſhou'd you complain
To me? Am I the author of your pain?
Or can I help what you ordain ſhall be?
You raiſe theſe ſtorms, and caſt 'em upon me.
The works of Beauty, like it ſelf, are fair;
I beg for Peace, 'tis you that thunder War:
Like *March* Tyrannick rage black Tempeſts pours,
But I like *April* am all Sun and ſhowrs.

Aug.

Aug. 'Tis true, continu'd storms my peace molest,
And like old Ocean I can never rest:
About my head many State-Tempests sing,
And rapid troubles the rais'd billows wing:
Yet Beautie's influence, like the Moon's below,
Is cause of passions constant ebb and flow.
But 'tis at length by me resolv'd, I will
For the Worlds quiet, and my own, be still:
You like the Queen of Love, wafted in calms,
Distilling cordial sweets and healing balms,
Shall lull my stormy cares, and rock my head,
On the soft pillows of thy bosome laid.

Glor. Shall then *Cæsario* live?

Aug. He shall, he must,
'Tis indisputable, be thou but just:
With kindness my unwearied love regard,
And give my services their due reward.

Glor. Let him but live, and that reward may come.

Aug. Live! he shall live beyond the day of doom.
Consent, yield, bow thy beauties to my will: —
Wouldst thou have bloud? Thou shalt, whole Nations spill;
Or if t' oblige the World you'd breath bestow,
Cæsario's life will be too little; no,
His immortality can ne're suffice,
Speak but the word, the dead, the dead shall rise:
Heroes that dy'd a thousand years ago,
Shall burst death's Adamantine Gates below,
Though *Pluto* thou'd himself the Porter stand,
And rush amaz'd to light at thy command.

Glor. 'Tis fit that none beneath an Emp'rour shou'd
Mingle with *Pompey*'s high extracted bloud:
We know *Cæsario*'s young, and charming fierce,
But 'tis *Augustus* rules the Universe:
Yet since *Cæsario* durst attempt so well,
Why let him live, but in strange Countries dwell,
And not presume to shew his follies here,
He dies if he again in *Rome* appear.

Aug. My passion drinks your eyes reflecting streams,
Catches your breath, and hovers o're the steame;
I reel, my joy's so sprightly fierce refin'd,
Yes, Madam, Love's the drunkenes's oth' mind:
Men rais'd with Wine equal with Monarchs move,
But Kings are Gods when exta'l'd by Love.

Glor. With equal passion I your raptures grace,
With as fierce fires your hottest burnings meet;
Fierce as *Thalestris Alexander* fought,
But with such Arms as no destruction wrought:
I'le rush upon you with a Heav'n of Charms,
And make you buckle when you're out of Arms.

Aug. O thou art all the sweetnes's of the earth,
Thou mak'st me young, nay giv'st me a new birth;
And dost such Virgin-thoughts to me restore,
As if I ne're had known delights before,

Narcissa meets 'em going out.

Nar. Stay, *Cæsar*, stay, thou man of mighty ill,
Hear me, and all the stings of Honour feel,
If you persist, go on in this dark way,
May you arrive at Hell; may never day,
Nor Glory which did once your breast inflame,
Gild your atchievements, nor adorn your name:
May you be hurl'd from the high Helm of State,
And seem more vile than ever you were great.

Aug. This seed of fire, lest it shou'd spread abroad,
I will discreetly in its growth put out:
She shall a Pris'ner be, take her away.

Nar. Bind me in dungeons, yet I will not stay:
To publish thy disgrace I'le shoot through bores,
I'le pierce, I'le fly, I'le burst the prison-doors;
This seed of fire shall get ten thousand fears,
And set the World on blaze about your ears.

Aug. No, to the Vestals you shall go, and there,
Since you're so hot, the Sacred fires repair;
While you have any breath these reek your spight,
This frantick zeal will make 'em burn more bright.

Glor. Though highly born, yet educated low,
Distance, degrees, and forms she cannot know;
She like a Shepherdess by Princes lov'd,
Is dazl'd with the height to which she's mov'd.
Though bold to madness, pardon her for me,
Excuse her ignorance and leave her free.

Nar. At thy request! disdainfull as you are,
Offending, false, and most destructive Fair,
Rather than with thy pray'rs I'le freedom buy,
Dark as thy soul I will in dungeons lye,
By philters, witchcraft, and Infernal art,
'Tis true that thou hast stoln *Cæsario*'s heart:
Thou like a cruel Fairy didst convey
That dear belov'd, that darling heart away, } (*weeping.*
And in its room a cold dead figure lay.
But I will be reveng'd, to pieces tear
Those borrow'd eyes, and that inchanted hair;
Pull off thy pride, disrobe thy gorgeous pow'r,
And strip'd of those, shew thee a Witch all o're.

Aug. Away to some dark room let her be had,
For either you and I, or she is mad.

Nar. Yes, go devour your selves with eager lust,
Gnash with the pangs of passion, grind to dust;
Joyn'd with dishonour infamously one,
So may ye to the blushing world be shewn:
As once the grim lascivious God of War,
Caught by the jealous Husband's watchfull care,
Kissing Love's melting Empress, was betray'd,
Ridiculous to all high Rulers made,
May thy Gold Scepter wither in her hand,
Still be a Slave, and still may she command. *Exit.*

Glor. Cæsar is mov'd, in his consid'rate eye
I read remorse, and warring passions spy;
With stronger charms 'tis just I draw him on,
Lest the revenging God be last undone.

Aug. No, I'le not go to bed, nor taste the joy
The lovely poison whose fresh sweets destroy;

Neither in Bed nor Throne I'le be her Slave,
That Neſt of pleaſure, but my Honour's Grave:
Here like *Pigmalion*'s Image will I ſtand,
But never to be warm'd by any hand.

Glor. What ſudden horrour's this that clouds your eyes,
Like damps which from ſome vault's foul bottom riſe?
Smoth'ring the chearfull lights that ſhone e're while,
It turns to mortal frowns your ev'ry ſmile:
The breath of any man can warm, or chill,
But yours alone can make alive, or kill.

Aug. Of late ſo coy, and now ſo forward grown;
The myſteries of Love I have not known,
Nor can I this dark Riddle's meaning gueſs;
If Fate be in't, let Fate it ſelf expreſs.
I feel vaſt appetite, yet dread to eat,
As if I ſaw that death were in the meat.
As half-ſtarv'd Fiſh that fear the mortal Hook,
Yet by the lovely Bait drawn in are ſtrook;
She hangs ſo fair, ſo tempting to my eye,
Let ruine wait, I'le take her though I dye.

Exeunt.

SONG.

How ſevere is fate to break a heart
That never went a roving;
To torture it with endleſs ſmart,
For too much conſtant loving:
I bleed, I bleed, I melt away,
I waſh my watry Pillow;
I walk the Woods alone all day,
And wrap me round in Willow.

Cæſario *ſolus, riſing at from ſleep.*

Cæſ. I'le not endure't; Hence from my fancy ruine,
Or I to nought your frightfull air will cruſhe:
Methought I ſaw her in *Auguſtus* bed,
And after by my ſide beheld her dead.

Dye *Gloriana*, better thou shouldst bleed,
Than once consent in thought to such a deed.

Enter Narcissa.

O beauteous Virgin, daughter of the Spring,
Who to my Winter dost refreshings bring,
Still all in tears? Like the Celestial bow,
Bending with cares and sorrows that o'reflow;
Though bright yet sad thy shinings all appear,
And on thy ev'ry Glory hangs a tear.

Nar. Alas I know not what I have to say,
Yet I methinks cou'd talk to you all day;
Tell you the mightiness of Tyrant Love,
And how I cou'd from Courts with you remove;
Cou'd like the humble Lark in my cold Nest,
Abroad all night in frosty Meadows rest.
So I my vows to you my Star might bring,
And ev'ry morning Songs of sorrow sing.

Cæs. O torment which the gen'rous cannot bear!
Cease thy lamented story to declare,
Dolefull and sweet as waking Nightingales,
When they repeat in Groves their Tragick Tales.

Nar. Is it then writ in the dark books above,
That you the poor *Narcissa* ne're shall love?
That she shall languish with eternal pain,
And never, never be belov'd again?
O stay, I see denial in your eyes:
Yet as when some belov'd Relation dyes,
We to the person whom he lov'd most dear
With caution come, first usher doubt, then fear,
And with sad preparation teach the ear,
So to my trembling heart be cruel kind,
And sooth with soft delays my wounded mind.

Cæs. I will for ever thus before thee stand,
Walk, sit, or live, or dye at thy command.

Nar. 'Tis Heav'n to be thus part of one poor hour
To gaze and talk; alas, I ask no more.

And

And yet methinks ——
If you and me the Emp'rous wou'd ſcorne,
Where you my company muſt needs endure,
In ſome cloſe priſon for a year or ſo,
I'd find ſuch thouſand ways my love to ſhew,
With thouſand pretty offices to ſerve,
That you ſhou'd ſay at laſt, ſhe does deſerve;
Nay ſigh perhaps, and as I weary lay
Before your feet, with tears my labour pay.

Caeſ. O arm thy gentle boſome with diſdain,
And o're thy heart a noble conqueſt gain!
Think me, alas, unworthy to receive,
And the vaſt Preſent to ſome other give.

Nar. There is no reaſon why we love, nor how,
Yet to the yoke we all ſubmiſſive bow:
With equal feet Love treads on Kings and Swains,
Like death o're ev'ry neck he caſts his chains,
He wakes in Thrones, and ſleeps in ſhewrie Plains.

Caeſ. Will you forgive me if I preſs to hear,
How *Gloriana* does her ſorrows bear.

Nar. Yes, that's the beauteous Thief that ſtole my right,
In whom your ſoul ignobly does delight
For the bleſt know, though ſhe more beauteous be,
In vertue ſhe comes ſhort, far ſhort of me.
Vile as ſhe is, untrue to all her vows,
Who now the Tyrant's proffer'd luſt allows.

Caeſ. O do not ſpot thy Virgin purity
With ſuch untruths, for one ſo loſt as I.
She vile! ungentle cruel as you are,
Take heed, take heed, thou moſt injurious Fair,
And ſpeak no more, leſt you be underſtood,
To have a ſpice of *Caeſar* in your blood.

Nar. If there be truth in what the dying ſay,
Who wou'd ſuſpected with the living ſtay,
By Heav'n ſhe is as falſe as I am true,
And *Caeſar* wholly does her ſoul ſubdue
To baniſhment ſhe gain'd your ſeaſon'd head,
And ſleeps this night in the Imperial bed.

Caeſ.

Cæs. Never such thund'ring shall my vengeance make,
Though she were charm'd she shou'd no slumber take,
Though she were sleep, — sleep! were she death yet she shou'd wake:
I'le rouze her with the noise of all my wrongs;
Furies shall call her with eternal tongues,
False, false, forsworn: — But I unjust appear,
And you more cruel than the Tyrant are;
Cruel to add to such a mass of grief,
And I unjust to give your words belief.

Nar. How! think me guilty of a Lye! O Heav'n!
Have I liv'd thus! — Yet may you be forgiv'n;
I am unfit to live, and you to love,
Let me to Death, and you to War remove;
You cannot be too rude in Armour drest,
Since cruelty is there like fame profess'd,
Like Love in Courts, it raves in ev'ry breast.
Nor shall I need your Sword to make a wound,
This last unkindness weighs me to the ground.
O all ye vows of passion that I gave!
Return and let me hide ye in the Grave.

Cæs. Fall first ten millions such as I, e're thou
To any grief my folly murmur'd bow:
Look up, thou eye oth' World, why does the red
That now adorn'd thy cheeks, appear so dead?
What fatal Purple's this that shakes thy lip?

Nar. I'm adding one small grain to death's vast heap,
Thy love, thy love, hard-hearted *Cæsar's* Son;
The poor accus'd *Narcissa* has undone.
Methinks you are not now so lovely quite,
Or else 'tis death that darkens thus my sight:
Not to believe! — 'twas so unkind a part,
There wanted only that to break my heart.

Cæs. Believe! I swear I do, I will believe,
And but for thee I will hereafter live;
I'le tear that cruel Sorceress from my breast,
And plant thee there of all my heart possess'd:
O do not dye and leave me dumb, deaf, blind,
Expos'd to all the curses of mankind.

Whole

Whole earth will arm it self against my head,
And all the damn'd torment me when I'm dead.

Nar. Ah soft repose, how sweetly now I rest,
As if your bosome were with Roses drest:
Wou'd you have been thus kind if I had liv'd?

Cæs. Witness ——

Nar. Nay now you shall not be believ'd:
O *Gloriana*, blest above women, how
Didst thou this heart to thy false beauty bow?
I over-heard her with the Emperour,
'Tis dying truth, she loves you less than pow'r.
But I above the World, or that high bliss
To which I hast —— for my soul's lasting peace,
Give me thy love; —— no more.

Cæs. My soul receive,
Which thus infus'd shall a new being give,
Breathe with my breath, and with my being live.

Nar. The mighty cordial does my senses cloy;
I dye like those that surfeit with vast joy:
Had you such words some minutes sooner spoke,
They'd fastned life, but now 'tis vain to speak,
For what can hold us when our heart-strings break. } *Cdyes.*

Cæs. Take me along, by Heav'n I'le follow thee,
But how, no Instrument of destiny?
Heart, canst not break like hers? —— how calm she went;
But mine's too big, and must with fate be rent,
Torn from my prison-house: why so it shall,
I'le rush and leave my brains on yonder wall.
Dye! 'tis most fit; yet e're the deed be wrought,
Shall not the blood of *Pompey* know her fault?
Yes, *Gloriana*, yes, thou murd'ring Fair,
I'le hollow death and vengeance in thy ear;
Rouze thee from Glorie's grave with potent cries,
Charm'd like a naked Ghost compell'd to rise.

Enter Marcellus.

Mar. I bring thee hasty news, live, live, but fly.

Cæs. News for thy news, look there, and bid me dye.

Mar.

Mar. My Sister dead!
Cæs. She parted from life's Tree
Hard like Green-fruit, and she was pluck'd by me.
Why dost thou bend her? life thou canst not mold;
She is like Alablaster, fair but cold.
Mar. O barb'rous Friend! — Friend! I the name disown,
But 'tis thy blood that must her loss attone;
Thy own curs'd tongue which did her murder boast,
Has sentenc'd thee to death; — for ever lost,
Dye, Royal wretch. ——
Cæs. What does thy arm arrest?
I have no Sword, and proffer thee my breast:
Why dost thou turn thy melting eyes away?
I am in hast for death, and cannot stay.
Mar. Thou art not yet so black but my quick sight,
Through all thy shades can spy some streaks of light;
Though bloudy, thou art valiant, and I scorn
To give base death to one so Nobly born:
Thou shalt in equal Duel perish.
Cæs. No,
Thou wert my Friend, and canst not be my Foe.
'Tis true, thy Sister dy'd for love of me;
Can mortals help what Heav'n sets down shall be?
Am I in fault? To thee I must be so;
Then right thee here, 'twill prove a welcome blow.

Enter Julia.

Jul. Cæsario, live! what means my fatal Lord?
Is't possible that you can draw your Sword
Against your Friend, that Friend whose life of late
Our pray'rs redeem'd from near approaching fate?
Mar. Look there, and blame the vengeance I shou'd give;
Is this a Friend? does he deserve to live?
The horrid crime which he has done peruse,
And then the justice of my rage excuse.
Cæs. Something in this last treatment shews thee base;
Thou call'st my crime, what my misfortune was:

Should I have us'd thee thus, who wert to me
A thousand times more dear then life could be?

Jul. How e're unfortunate, 'twas a dread deed,
At such a sight my Father's eyes will bleed:
Yet, Oh *Marcellus!* spare *Cæsario*'s life,
'Tis due to Friendship, and your weeping Wife:
Sorrow so noble paints his manly look,
That to the heart I am with pity strook.
Let his life's former acts this once perswade,
For faults perhaps which his ill fortune made.

Mar. 'Tis in the clouds what e're it be, and why,
But my heart says, by me he cannot dye;
But fly, be gone to some far desart, where
Thou maist with safety live, thou canst not here,
For though we spare thee, *Cæsar* will not spare.

Jul. Go, go, *Cæsario*, fly thy threatning face,
And fly from those thou mak'st unfortunate.

Cæs. Wretch that I am, and terrour to the Earth!
Where, where is now th' advantage of my birth,
But to be highly miserable? no,
Marcellus, yet there's something left to do,
Bring me, before we part for ever, where
I may to *Gloriana*'s guilt appeare:
By Heav'n nor she nor *Cæsar* shall be harm'd,
For I will go with nought but sorrow arm'd:
By all remembrance of our Friendships past,
Grant me this one request, for 'tis my last.

Mar. I will do this; go not that way, my eyes
Grow sick, and clouds of death before me rise. *Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Emperours Bed-Chamber.*

Gloriana *sola, dresst in white with a Dagger in her hand, Tapers, &c.*

Glor. He dyes, this Idol of the earth shall down;
That brow that aw'd the World with ev'ry frown,
This night shall bear its terrours to the Grave,
There Great *Augustus* shall his Empire have.

When

When he is dead, *Marcellus* must ascend,
And to high safety, call his noble Friend;
To save my honour, and *Cæsario* too,
What more can *Gloriana* wish to do?
O Love! how masculine are all my fires?
With what dread thoughts the God my breast inspires?
When like a Lion all compos'd to rest,
The Tyrant leans upon my Virgin-breast,
In golden dreams expecting boundless bliss,
I'le rock him fast, for ever fast with this.
But heark, he comes, I must my arm prepare,
I'le to the Bed and wait his coming there.

Cæsario *enters, goes to the Bed, draws the Curtain, and gazes on her: She rises amaz'd.*

Glor. Who's this? am I awake, or do I see?
Cæsario here indeed, can this be he?
If thou be *Cæsar*'s Son that did adore
The bloud of *Pompey*, speak, or love no more.
Cæs. Love no more.
Glor. Why dost thou thus with frightfull action gaze?
Or art thou but the Ghost of him that was?
Cæs. The Ghost of him that was.
Glor. Such by thy stedfast eyes thou wou'dst appear,
Thy dread replies unusual horrour bear,
Yet sure that form my soul can never fear.
Who was thy murd'rer, if thou murder'd be?
By *Cæsar* slain, or wert thou kill'd by the ——
Cæs. Kill'd by thee.
Glor. Cease, horrid eccho, cease, and tell at large,
What dost thou seek, what is it thou wou'dst charge?
Some dreadfull business drives thy stormy mind,
In *Gloriana*'s breast a Haven find.
Art thou distracted with thy mighty grief?
Or wou'dst thou gain from wretched me relief?
Cæs. I came to seek for painted vertue here,
For one exceeding false, exceeding fair;

For one whoſe breaſt ſhone like a Silver cloud,
But did a heart compos'd of Thunder ſhrowd;
For one more weeping than the face of *Nile*,
Whoſe liquid Chryſtal hides the Crocodile;
For one who like a God from Heav'n did pour
Rich rain, but luſt was in the golden ſhowr;
For one who like *Pandora* beauteous flew,
But a long train of curſes with her drew;
For one who like a Rock of Diamonds ſtood,
But hemm'd with death, and univerſal-flood.

Glor. Did I not know you of the Nobleſt frame,
I muſt confeſs you might the manner blame;
Appearance wou'd ſome jealous troubles raiſe,
Reſpect the time, the poſture, and the place:
But truſt me and retire.

Caſ. Still worſe; — Retire,
And leave thee here to roul in ſinfull fire,
Like a fair Glutton gorging vaſt deſire!
O Appetite of Angels! ſuch with awe
Thou didſt appear when firſt thy form I ſaw:
Glory came down, and Beauty hover'd there,
But fleeting as the boſome of the Air;
Air not more wiſh'd, nor eaſier had than thou;
Air which the Gods to men and brutes allow.

Glor. Have I deſerv'd this? but you may go on,
My faith will better by your guilt be ſhewn.

Caſ. 'Tis true, the dreſs of innocence you have,
You look as you were going to a Grave;
Prepar'd to crumble into Roſie duſt,
To meet a Tomb, and not the Bed of luſt:
Such Heav'n is in your face all clean and white,
Like Goddeſſes in fleſh, ſo clear to ſight;
But 'tis not fit I tell what's lodg'd within,
How full thy boſome is of fouleſt ſin.

Glor. Speak, for I am prepar'd the worſt to hear.

Caſ. O ſuch a heart thou haſt that lodges there,
It all things deadly and perverſe does will;
So in bright Palaces black Tyrants kill:

So

So mortal damps are hid in golden Mines,
And deprav'd spirits lurk in Sacred shrines.

Glor. Have you done yet?

Cæs. The ills that thou hast done,
Will like the Steeds of Night for ever run,
Furies still lashing on; — for thee, ingrate,
I was the cause of dead *Narcissa*'s fate.

Glor. O Heav'ns!

Cæs. 'Twas love of thee that urg'd her doom;
Thou thought'st thy perjury shou'd never come
To these deluded ears, but 'twas from her
I learnt how excellently false you were:
But I fond fool wou'd not believe, till she
By death confirm'd thy matchless treachery.

Glor. I seem'd indeed with *Cæsar* to consent,
But 'twas to give him fatal punishment;
To end his Tyrannies with one great blow,
Which all your rage in vain essay'd to doe.
For this I leant on the Imperial Bed,
Deeply resolv'd with this to strike him dead;
For this I urg'd you to retire at first,
'Tis true, or may I be for ever curs'd.

Cæs. I know, I know you cannot want excuse,
The fair are still most witty in abuse;
But I am arm'd, with demonstration arm'd,
And will no more with Beauties wounds be harm'd:
Did not the dying speak it in perfect proof;
I heard, I've seen, by Heav'n there is enough:
I will be deaf as winds when Sea-men pray,
And sweep as furious and as swift as they.

Glor. Yet cruel turn,

Cæs. By all the Gods I'de not,
I am resolv'd, and will no more be caught:
Thus turning from thee, thus I lose the sight
Of all I ever lov'd; I'le take my flight
Beyond the *Scythian* hills, where horrid care
With her cold sighs chills all the neighb'ring air;

Freezes

Freezes life's heat, and binds the ſpringing blood,
Where mirth and joy are words not underſtood;
Where thouſand ſorrows ſhoot along the glades,
And melancholy ſits in mighty ſhades;
Thither I'le fly, and darken all the place,
And with new clouds the ſolemn mourners grace;
With flouds of tears I'le waſh the ſtains of Love,
And riſe all *Ceſar* to the Thrones above.

Glor. Be gone, to death, to death *Ceſario* fly,
Or if you fear, I'le teach you how to dye:
I'le be your guide in your dark courſe, and ſhew
The way to Heav'n, which ſure you do not know:
I'le imp your pennons, when they flag with guilt,
And reſt you on ſome clouds embroider'd quilt:
Chide your ſuſpicions as you weeping ſit,
Yet pardon all the faults you did commit:
Thou wilt believe me true when I am dead,
And death will free me from the Tyrant's bed:
Turn then, behold the offering which I make,
The laſt of *Pompey* dying for thy ſake.

Ceſ. Hold, *Gloriana*, deſperate murd'ring Fair!
Thus, is it thus thou wou'dſt thy honour clear?
Each drop that falls will to an Ocean ſwell,
To ſwallow me; (who can the horrour tell!)
I drown, I'm ſunk beneath the depths of Hell.
But I'le not ſpeak to thee, my breath's ſo foul,
That ev'ry poiſonous word will blaſt thy ſoul.

Glor. Ah cruel kind! I can but loſe thee now,
And death's leſs dreadfull then thy angry brow;
The dreadfull Scene was ſo ſeverely wrought,
Except I dy'd, I muſt be guilty thought:
But I'le no more the crime of fate upbraid,
Wipe thy bath'd eyes, and raiſe thy drooping head,
Alas, we were not for each other made.

Ceſ. Night! everlaſting Night! —— Oh!

Glor. Do not grieve; ——
With my laſt breath pardon and love receive.
Support me: ——

Ceſ.

Cæſ. Firmer then old *Atlas* ſtands,
And prop a Richer Heav'n with Mortal hands.
Glor. Take me ſecur'd from paſt and future harms,
Bow'd to thy neck, and ſinking in thy arms:
I go the long dark way, ——
Cæſ. Not yet.
Glor. Farewell. (*dyes.*
Cæſ. Back, thou departing life, back to thy Cell,
Her heart in Heav'n thou canſt not ſweeter dwell;
Move the ſtill pulſe, and thaw each frozen vein;
Return, I ſay, I'le force thee back again;
Catch the bare ſoul juſt plunging into bliſs,
And give it back with this faſt deathleſs kiſs.

Enter Auguſtus *in his Night-gown.*

Aug. Thus when the Royal Eagle ſtoops to pair,
With a delib'rate wing he beats the air;
Views all the Queens of his Heroick Race,
To judge whoſe eyes deſerve Imperial grace;
But having choſe aloft his Empreſs, bears
To kiſs *Jove*'s feet, and know her kindred Stars;
So ſhall my Miſtreſs ſit enthron'd above,
Firſt ſhare my Glory, and then taſt my Love.
Ha! who art thou? my Rival arm'd! who waits?
Ceſar's betray'd. ——

Enter Mecænas *and Guards.*

Cæſ. Call the oppoſing fates,
With all the Forces of the fighting Earth,
For I would periſh as becomes my birth.
Aug. How cam'ſt thou here?
Cæſ. I will not tell thee how,
Should the Gods ask, I have not leiſure now:
But more to blow thy hate, and on diſdain
Pile burning Rage, behold thy Miſtreſs ſlain.
Now give me death. ——

Aug.

Aug. Death! thou hast nothing nam'd,
Thou shalt be rack'd an Age, and then be damn'd.
Oh *Gloriana*, bright unhappy Fair!
But shall revenge be wanting to dispair?
Kill him, he dies though *Cæsar* should come down,
And for his life with sacred sighs attone.

Cæs. I thank thee, mighty Rival: —
Yet e're my Ghost puts on her Aiery shroud,
Behold I kneel, who ne're to man yet bow'd,
And beg that when the fatal fires convey'd,
By which this body must be Ashes made,
Some of my dust, as a more gen'rous doom,
May be inclos'd in *Gloriana's* Tomb.

Aug. Thou crav'st those honours that my envy move,
Yet I'le be just to Glory as to Love;
Thou shalt not vainly kneel, I will comply
With your desires, *Cæsario* rise and dye.

Cæs. This act of vertue, though so lately shown,
Will in oblivion all your vices drown:
Now Guards your mighty Master's will obey,
Aim'd at my heart your pointed weapons lay;
With all your Spears my body thus enclose,
And let me set in Glory as I rose.

Aug. The fate he claims my justice has decreed,
And though I turn me from the bidden deed,
Yet for the Empires safety he must bleed. —

Fight.

Cæs. Thus fell my Father, thus encompass'd round,
And bore beneath him Glory to the ground;
With the remains of life I'le drag me on,
And at thy knees for ever lay me down.
Oh happiness! Oh pleasure in death's pangs!
My hovering soul o're thy lov'd sweetness hangs:
I'le grasp her all, and Love shall last be mine;
Give me but this, *Cæsar*, the world is thine. —

Enter

Enter Agrippa.

Agr. Heav'n! *Cæsar*, Guard!

Aug. Oh my *Agrippa*, see,
Behold the malice of my destiny;
Terrible death which I so often brav'd,
With this last vizard has the Victor scar'd.

Agr. Yet by the fall of Love Empire's acquir'd,
Since with your Mistress *Cæsar*'s Son expir'd.

Mec. Thus when th' immortals take, they greatly give,
And bribe your big affronted heart to live.

Aug. But all Earth's Kingdoms cannot equal weigh,
With the vast sums Love in the Scale did lay;
Thus the great Governours return me Brass
For Gold; and for my Diamonds, barter Glass.
By this time I had been in bed in Heav'n,
And o're their heads with tow'ring pleasures driv'n.

Enter Tiberius.

Tib. Yet fortifie your mind, dread Sir, and hear
What none but I durst offer to your ear,
Fate by *Narcissa*'s loss more spite has shewn,
And sudden death has robb'd you of a Son.

Aug. Ha!

Tib. *Marcellus* stay'd by *Julia* from the ground,
Sunk in her arms, and dy'd without a wound:
Stretch'd on his limbs the Princess lies all pale,
And soon will perish except you prevail.

Agr. We must submit to the Divine commands.

Aug. No, I'le not take a blow more at their hands;
Raise me a Fun'ral Pile, and round me mourn,
For 'tis resolv'd like *Hercules* I'le burn.
Grief mortal as his poison'd shirt sticks fast,
And now I wish that my last hour were past;
That my immortal honours were begun,
I'le dye, I'le set this Ev'ning with the Sun.

Summon the Earth, wrong'd *Livia*'s Son proclaim
My *Cæsar*, and to Heav'n resound his name.

Tib. For me twere vanity to make reply,
Yet in *Augustus* quarrel I dare dye;
And almost wish the World might once rebel,
That I might reap the fame your Foes to quell:
But you already awe the Nations round,
And at your nod bow'd Scepters touch the ground.

Aug. Small are the thanks I owe the Pow'rs above
For all the Nations that beneath me move:
As severe Masters ply their early charge,
Yet their vex'd spirits at set times enlarge,
Some few short airy joys in Fields to find,
And for worse hardship bait the wearied mind;
So Heav'n abroad with Conquest crowns my Wars,
But wracks my spirit with domestick jars.

The End of the Play.

Epi-

EPILOGUE

TO THE

Court of Augustus Cæsar.

Spoken by Mr. *Haynes*.

YOur Servant, Gentlemen: 'tis a long time
Since I had th' honour to converse with you in Rhime;
They told me at t'other House y' had left us quite,
And I was going to hang my self out-right;
But for the hopes of pleasing you to Night.
For what's insipid life to them or me,
Without the favour of your Company?
Good Faith I'm very glad to see you here,
'Tis well you can at a New Play appear:
This Winter you forsaking all the Old,
Kept up one while of a damn'd Pockie Cold;
Some few came here, but who, the Lord can tell,
All were shrunk up like Snails within their shell;
Huge Brandenburgh *had so disguis'd each one,*
That from your Coachman you could scarce be known;
And then you droopt as if half-drown'd you came
Scap'd from North-Holland *or from* Amsterdam;
And Cough'd, Heav'n save you! with as grave a motion,
As you had been at Church, where 'tis Devotion.
The Ladies too neglecting every Grace,
Mob'd up in Night-cloaths came with Lace to face,
The Towre upon the Forehead all turn'd back,
And stuck with Pins like th' Man ith' Almanack.
The Misses, those delights of humane kind,
No longer in their dear Side-boxes shin'd,
But each to Chamber-practice did retire,
With Ale and Apples, and a Sea-coal fire:

Now that unfortune we by yours have found,
Your Cold still sticks by us, though you are found.
But Sirs, what makes it now so hard I pray
To get you here but just at a New Play?
We've Play'd t' oblige you all that's in our pow'rs,
We've Play'd and Play'd our selves e'en out of doors,
And yet we cannot find one way to win ye;
You're grown so nice, I think the Devil's in ye.
But hold, there's one way yet to get your praise,
Ill treating you your appetites may raise;
Libels and Lampoons we for Plays must write,
Criticks like Lovers pal'd with their delight,
Always esteem those kisses best that bite.
We'l deal with you, Gallants, in your own way,
And treat you like those Punks that Love for pay;
Cartwright and I dress'd like two thund'ring Whores,
With Rods will stand behind the Play-house doors,
And sirk you up each day to pleasure Auly,
As Jenny Cromwell *does, or* Betty Buly.

FINIS.